

# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 20, 1972 60 CENTS

## ALABAMA DRIVES FOR THE TOP

TERRY DAVIS DAZZLES LSU



Latest U.S. Government figures show

# Pall Mall Gold 100's lower in 'tar' than the best-selling filter king!



## Yes, longer yet milder.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

PALL MALL GOLD 100's... "tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.  
Best-selling filter king..... "tar" 21 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.  
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20 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report AUGUST '72.

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Owning one is almost as satisfying as making one.



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## Next week

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL** reopens with the traditional cast of characters—called UCLAs—and a play entitled Freshmen Eligible. First-year students will turn rankings upside down before the season ends, writes Curry Kirkpatrick, but will not affect the Bruins, who may be the best college team ever. There is a gallery of some coaches who make the game go, plus scouting reports on the top 20 teams, the best of the rest, small colleges, junior colleges and, finally, a picture in motion by Joe Jures of tireless Bill Bertka, the country's busiest scout. Along with the usual news and features from the other sports fronts.



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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

On page 81 you will find Edwin Shraike's account of the Monzon-Briscoe fight in Buenos Aires, the second—and perhaps second most interesting—fight held in that city recently, the other being Shraike's with a guy in a waterfront saloon. Last month, in the course of his investigation of Monzon's early life, Shraike happened to place his spectacles upon a bar. A moment later he was both surprised and disappointed to see someone walking off with them. As Shraike functions better when he can see, he gave chase, a scuffle ensued and two Argentine policemen materialized to take him off, a gun in his stomach, to the local calaboose. After two days there with no food, he managed to sneak out a message via a Portuguese mariner to Photographer Roy DeCarava. DeCarava called the TSM bureau, the bureau called a lawyer and the lawyer sprang Shraike in time to finish the Monzon profile (SI, Oct. 30).

The anecdote is disturbing, but the reaction around here was a rush of nostalgia and a rush of "Do you remember?" There was the time Whitney Tower got thrown in the pokey in Lexington, Ky., before the Derby for a "driving infraction," if that is what you call dozing off and zipping across a grass divider, crossing two oncoming lanes and jumping a ditch to stop inches short of a Calumet Farm fence. It took Admiral Gene Markey of Calumet and Leslie Combs of Spendthrift Farm to spring Whit in time for him to write his Derby preview. And then there was the time Coles Phinizy was arrested along with Ginty Kraft and her husband for diving in January under the ice of a New York City reservoir—"You don't see a dive in New York City's drinking water, buddy." And the year that Photographer Neil Leifer was arrested in Louisville for setting up his strobes and cameras in what a cop said was the wrong place at the NCAA basketball finals. "I got out minutes before the game and shot Lew Alcindor for a cover," Leifer remembers.



Typically, journalists confrontations with the law arise when a policeman says, "You can't go in [or over, or up] there" to a stubborn journalist who is going to go in, or over, or up there. More often than not the journalist has authorization, a fact which can be more annoying than soothing to a zealous cop. "It was just the usual thing," says Photographer Jerry Cooke of the time an Italian policeman shoved him off an Alp at Cortina. "Then, in Chile, they didn't let me go where I felt I had a right to go, and since there were so many of them, I called them Fascists, whereupon one of them spat upon me and they banned me from the slope. They said I was impugning the honor of the Chilean army."

Thus it is that a managing editor sleeps as a mother sleeps, with an ear cocked for the voice of her babe, only his ear is cocked for the sound of the telephone and a voice out of the night saying it needs bail.

Let the reader think that the SI masthead is naught but a list of names transplanted from police blotters the world over, let it also be known that Barbara La Lomane is an honorary game warden of the state of Wyoming. Jack Olsen was for some time a deputy sheriff in Colorado and Walter ("I knocked a few heads") Bingham was a grammar school crossing guard.

*Sack Meyer*

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**IT'S NOT LIKE ANY OTHER CUTLASS.  
IN MANY WAYS, IT'S LIKE A EUROPEAN TOURING SEDAN.**

**THE INTERIOR MAKES YOU WANT TO SIT DOWN AND RELAX.  
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THE SUSPENSION LETS YOU DO BOTH.**



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IN THE GRAND  
TOURING TRADITION.**

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It's powered by our famous Rocket 350 V8 with 4-barrel carb. Front disc brakes are standard. And so is the console, which houses the shifter, change tray and two storage compartments.

Salon handles much like classic European touring sedans. With front

and rear anti-sway bars, high-rate rear arm bushings and steel-belted radial tires—it's a sophisticated system for negotiating curves, bumps and dips.

Cutlass Salon

It's a new kind of 4-door sedan for the driving enthusiast. And we think you'll find it a lot like an expensive European touring sedan, except for two things.

It's priced much less.

And it's built in the U.S.A. Oldsmobile. Always a step ahead.





# SHOPWALK

Promise her anything—but give her a couple of shares of the Milwaukee Bucks

The Jack Kent Cooke and Lamar Hunt own the lion's share of most sports operations, but a dozen or so franchises have cut the public in for a piece of the action and more are expected to follow suit.

Fans with a yen to sit in on annual meetings as well as home games can buy stock in the New England Patriots, Toronto Maple Leafs, Montreal Canadiens, Vancouver Canucks, Atlanta Braves, Baltimore Orioles, Chicago Cubs, San Francisco Giants, Cleveland Cavaliers, Milwaukee Bucks and Seattle SuperSonics. The Harlem Globetrotters also are publicly owned, while some other teams, among them the New York Knicks, Rangers and Yankees—are subsidiaries of publicly held corporations.

In some cases, the stock is hard to get. Although the Green Bay Packers went public in 1949 when a group of Wisconsin residents raised \$125,000 to bail the team out of a financial crisis, today the club's 4,738½ shares are held by 1,698 individuals who rarely trade. Only three shares changed hands in 1971, each to a director of the club, and none at all were traded this year.

Wall Street is convinced that the leisure industry will be one of the big growth areas of the '70s, but there are other things for potential investors to consider. Major league sports are undergoing serious scrutiny by Congress and the courts, which means uncertainty and risk. Costs are mounting. So are salaries. And victory and defeat are important stock-market considerations. "When we win six in a row," says Atlanta Braves President Bill Bartholomay, "our stock can run up 40. When we lose six in a row it can drop to 20."

But even box-office success doesn't automatically mean a market winner. As a pennant contender, the Chicago Cubs boosted earnings to a hefty \$473,934 in '71, but their stock, now selling at around \$60, is far below its high of 1,000. A division championship helped the San Francisco Giants lift their '71 earnings to \$29.11 a share, after a \$69.94 per-share loss in '70, but the common stock of the parent National Exhibition Company now means around \$40 at about 500 vs. a peak of 1,100 in 1962. Oriole stock, up to 34 in 1966, now sells for 14 or so, and was not much higher during 1971, a batter—or pennant—year. All of which is easy enough to understand: what with attendance problems and militant ballplayers, investors just aren't turned on by the outlook for baseball.

Football is easier to get bullish about, but with Pete Rozelle opposed to public ownership stock-market candidates are hard to find. In fact, the only available stock is in the Patriots, who sold 150,000 shares to

continued

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Now from the depth of our wine cellars at Silverton, we offer a new delightful sparkling white wine — OHIO STATE SPUMONTE.

Taste it to enjoy the remembrance of the fine wines from the hills of the Canelli Area. Spumonte blends the fine aroma and fruitiness of our fine Ohio State white wine grapes.

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Howard serves his clients well. So well that at Connecticut General he holds a well-deserved seat on the prestigious Executive Committee. An honor reserved for the company's top six agents.

Howard's address is 431 Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio. Chances are if you meet him, you'll be friends for life.

At Connecticut General, we do things a little differently. Thanks to people like Howard.



### SHOPWALK

the public in 1961 when the team was part of the AFL and enmeshed in financial difficulties. "We could have played our games in a phone booth in those days," says a Pats director. A new stadium, TV money and higher attendance have changed all that, and Pats stock reflects it. Originally sold at 5, it now goes for 14.

In hockey, the securities action is dominated by three Canadian operations and one U.S. newcomer. Canadian Arena Company, which owns the Canadiens and minor league Nova Scotia Voyageurs, has 1,025,000 shares outstanding, 42% of them publicly owned; the stock, traded on the Montreal Exchange, ranged from a low of 11½ to a high of 17½. Maple Leaf Gardens, owner of the Maple Leafs, has risen from a low of 7 in 1962 to fluctuate between 28 and 34; along the way it hit a high of 37. Northwest Sports Enterprises, which owns the Vancouver Canucks and Seattle Totems, earned a tidy \$610,720 in '71, nearly three times its '70 return, and sells at around 6½. Rounding out the roster is Sports Associates, a U.S. firm which sold 130,130 shares to the public at 3½ last January and which has a franchise for the New Haven Night Hawks—on the AHL ice this season.

One major league basketball franchise is hunched in a publicly held corporate structure, the Knicks (Madison Square Garden Corp.). Three other clubs are on their own. Cleveland's Cavaliers, which hit the market with 400,000 shares at 5 in 1970, now sells at around 4½ despite an improved record and \$325,000 in up-front TV money. First Northwest Industries of America, owner of the Seattle SuperSonics, sells for about 5, down from an all-time high of 11. The stock's decline probably reflects what the team calls an "extraordinary nonrecurring charge," otherwise known as Spencer Haywood. (Two other "nonrecurring charges," the ABA's Jim McDaniels and John Brooks, have also joined the club.) The Milwaukee Bucks, which went public at 5 in 1968, are now fetching about 8½, mainly because of the presence of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

Over the years, several other clubs have toyed with the idea of going public. The Baltimore Bullets filed a 25-page prospectus with the SEC in 1969, then withdrew the proposed offering when the stock market fell out of bed. Last fall Texas Sports Investments, parent of the Houston Rockets, announced plans to sell 300,000 shares of common stock, but its offering has been postponed, pending a resolution of the team's on-court and box-office difficulties. And today, the Minnesota Fighting Saints of the new WHA are taking steps toward a public offering—there is already a waiting lot of buyers.

All in all, the best investment rule for sport is probably, as usual, Wall Street's oldest, *know thy sport*.

—LAWRENCE A. ARMOUR

CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford



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**Wrap someone you love in Black Velvet.  
Give them drums of it.**

**Black Velvet.**  
**The smooth**  
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### SANGRE DE CRISTO RANCHES INC.

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A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivisor.

NYS 72-033

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It's important. It may even be critical. Because a frightened, crying child's ability to dial "0" could save a life. Your child's life. Maybe yours.

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We know handling emergency calls is too important a job to learn it on the job. So our operators learn in practice sessions, where they receive simulated calls. How to get an ambulance. How to alert the fire department. How to contact medical help.

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First, get full contest rules and information from your TRACS dealer, or by writing to the address below. Then record your comment or opinion on a TRACS

cassette and send it to us.

You'll save money when you buy the cassette, because TRACS cost so much less than other quality cassettes.

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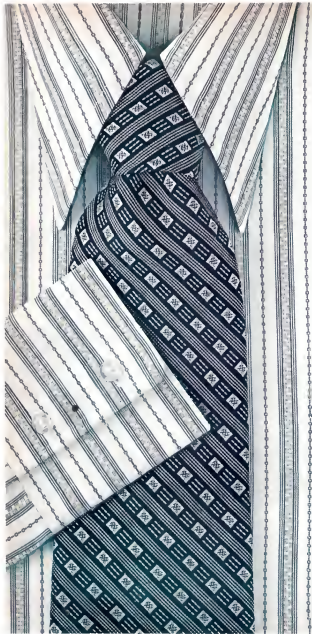


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BLACK BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • IMPORTED BY GALLAGHER

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## A LITTLE CLOUD

The decline of fan enthusiasm for professional hockey that was glaringly evident in preseason exhibition games (SCORECARD, Oct. 16) is seeping into regular-season sales, too. At any rate, the National Hockey League is having a bit of trouble getting rid of tickets. Even such cold beds of hockey as Boston, Montreal and Toronto have noticed the trend. Boston still has its routine sell-outs, but whereas in past years all seats were sold days in advance, tickets to a game a few Sundays ago between the Bruins and the New York Islanders were still available two hours before face-off. In Toronto, where Maple Leaf Gardens has been sold out solid for a quarter of a century and a spare ticket was a collector's item, as many as 400 seats have been put on sale the day of a game. Montreal has had gaps of empty seats at the I Forum, and officials there were talking about package deals in which a buyer must purchase tickets to three or four season games in order to get one for a "good" game.

No one is sure whether the slight sag is the result of inroads made by the World Hockey Association, the deflating effect of the Russia-Canada hockey series or simply the inevitable result of overexpansion. Whatever the cause, it is enough to make hockey executives sit up and take notice.

## WHAT ALEX SAYS

Alex Hawkins, the television announcer who had a reputation for being blunt and outspoken when he played for the Baltimore Colts a few years back, did not have anything to say about hockey when Sportscenter Bill Tanton interviewed him in Baltimore recently, but he did say, "All pro sports are in trouble. There are too many teams, too many players, too many general managers, too many coaches." He felt there was a definite decline in interest. "There used to be a banner flying at the stadium at all Colt games," he recalled. "It said, 'We

Love Our Colts.' You don't see that banner anymore. And Baltimore is not the only place where fans are becoming indifferent. I broadcast a game in New Orleans where they announced a crowd of 65,664. They had that many tickets sold, but there were only about 45,000 people there. People don't feel the way they used to about sports and athletes."

Warning to his theme, Hawkins went on: "The most destructive force in pro football today is the Players' Association. There was a time when we needed the association to get salaries up to a decent level. But it has outlived its usefulness. Athletes today are just a bunch of guys going to work. That's the essence of the problem: players have to decide whether they want to be union men or heroes. The public wants heroes, but these guys take it too lightly."

## OLD LEMON

Bob Lemon was fired by the Kansas City Royals for being too old (SCORECARD, Oct. 16), and the Employment Standards Division of the U.S. Department of Labor said it was going to see if there had been a violation of the Age Discrimination in Employment Act. For all you Bob Lemon and Department of Labor fans, there has been a happy ending. During the World Series, Lentini was made a "special assignment" scout for the Royals. "He was rehired at the same salary he was making as manager," says Rex Wayman, area director of the Employment Standards Division. "We've simply have dropped the issue." An unsource Lemon said, "I didn't really ever leave the organization. I'm very happy the way things turned out."

## DERIVATIONS

When Arthur B. (Mickey) McBride died last week at 85, older pro football fans recalled that the man who founded the Cleveland Browns in the mid-'40s was responsible for introducing a now famous term to the lexicon of sport. When McBride ran the Browns, he was also

president of the Yellow Cab Company in Cleveland. Players not on the active roster whom Coach Paul Brown wanted to keep around for emergencies were often put to work driving McBride's cabs. Thus the term "taxi squad."

## ARRIBA, ARRIBA!

Chile's national basketball team is on tour in the U.S. at the moment, and if you are wondering what a South American basketball team looks like, it looks tired. The Chileans, who are coached by Peace Corps volunteer Dan Peterson, former head coach at Delaware, are following a schedule that calls for 36 games in 39 days. Their itinerary takes them from Delaware through Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, upstate New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Missouri, Michigan, Ohio, Nebraska, Texas, New Mexico, Utah, back to North Carolina, upstate New York and Pennsylvania again and, finally, to Miami. The players range in age



from 19 to 33. By the time they get to Miami they'll feel a lot older.

Why so many games in such a short space of time? In a word: money. Funds for the trip melted away in inflation. The number of Chilean *vacacion* that would have paid the expenses of 22 players and coaches last February will take care of only 10 of them now. So the team is obligated to live off its gate receipts as well as travel every day, get along without practice sessions, play all

*continued*

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ALL SEASON LONG  
IN SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

#### SCORECARD

its games on alien courts and adjust to U.S. basketball rules. And the schedule is hardly a pipe, since it includes such top college teams as Maryland, North Carolina, Illinois State, Marquette, Missouri, UTEP and Weber State.

We admire the Chileans' determination and hope that after they play their final game in Miami in December they will have at least a few days to lie around on the Florida beaches and just loaf.

#### GROWING OLD UNGRACEFULLY

The high-salaried contracts top professional athletes sign can become self-defeating, especially when a star begins to falter. Maebdi Abdul-Rahman, the former Walt Hazzard, found that out last week when the Buffalo Braves asked waivers on him. Since only two of the 17 NBA teams had worse records than the Braves' 3-11, you would think a club that inept could make some use of a man of Abdul-Rahman's still evident skills. Maybe, but apparently not for \$100,000, or whatever figure the player's current contract calls for. That high salary tends to mute interest in him by other teams, too.

The same trend is evident in baseball and football. The San Francisco Giants are fouth to be ready and willing, even eager, to get rid of high-salaried Willie McCovey and Juan Marchal, even as they divested themselves of Willie Mays last spring. A somewhat different situation exists in Baltimore, where the age-old love affair between the Colts and Johnny Unitas went on the rocks. Unitas chafed when the Colts benched him in order to experiment with youth and probably would prefer to be an active quarterback elsewhere than second string in Baltimore. And these are teams that would be delighted to take him on for a year or so in hopes of one splendid last hurrah. But his high salary and long-term contract make such a move a fearfully expensive burden, which means that unhappy John and unhappy Colts will most likely have to go on living uneasily with one another.

#### BUY ONE FOR THE GIPPER

Advertisements are beginning to appear on sports pages here and there aimed at Notre Dame football fans. "Great gift idea!" it cries, and you go on to learn that for only \$17.50 you can buy a genuine, original bleacher seat from Notre Dame Stadium. "Installed by Notre

Rockne," the ad says, leaving you with a vision of Pat O'Brien personally holding the seats to the grandstand floor.

All this is the inspired work of John Demand, president of H. P. Demand and Associates, Inc. of Vernon, Ill., whose business ordinarily is fund-raising for churches, hospitals, colleges and so on. When the old red-wood seats were removed from the stadium in 1971 after 40 years of service, a friend of Demand's who had a lumber company bought them. After looking at them for a while he suggested to Demand that they might be good for fund-raising, and they came up with a plan in which anyone who gave \$100 to Notre Dame would receive one of the seats. But Notre Dame had just finished a fund-raising campaign and turned down the idea. Another proposal raising money for multiple sclerosis through Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian also fell through.

After that, there was nothing to do but go commercial. Ads were placed in Notre Dame football programs and, later, in newspapers. Sales were slow at first, but Demand was sure they would sway when the word began to reach the subway alumni, that amorphous body of middle-aged Notre Dame fans who still remember Rockne. "The only thing we're trying to sell is nostalgia," Demand explained. "Once these are gone, they're gone."

#### THE SPECTRUM WIDENS

The University of New Mexico has two black golfers on scholarship this year, which is unusual if not unique for a major college. Since New Mexico ranks in the top 10 among golf-playing colleges, it could indicate a major breakthrough, one that might lead in the future to a steady feed of black players from the colleges to the pro tour.

#### HORSE AND HORSE

Everybody knows that alert publicity men beat drums for things like All-American and Heisman Trophy candidates. Praise and favorable statistics are sent to sportswriters and others who vote on such awards, and in a way it is like an election campaign. The latest example is Mrs. Mary F. Jones' efforts to get her Cougar II named Horse of the Year. Even though Cougar II was cautiously withdrawn from the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last Saturday because of the soggy conditions, Mrs. Jones

continued



941 Prizes in the Third Annual Kent Ski-Stakes.<sup>SM</sup>

# Win the Kent Chalet.

Chalet by ALTA Industries Ltd. Montebello, N.Y.



**Grand Prize.**  
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Ski Vacation  
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Plus \$10,000 toward  
purchase of land  
and up to \$12,000  
for construction  
**(or \$30,000 cash!)**



## 10 FIRST PRIZES

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Fly to St. Anton, Kitzbuhel or Innsbruck for an Alpine vacation you'll never forget! You'll be escorted to your hotel via private motor car.

Accommodations with private bath include continental breakfast and full dinner. All of these luxurious arrangements by the Travel Committee Inc., the people behind all the new ideas in ski travel.

## 930 Additional Prizes.

1000 **Gracie** CIGARETTES

**30 GRAVES** MOLEO FIBERGLASS SKIS. The real fiberglass skis with lifetime guarantee, permanent camber and self-healing top.

**300 Gracie** ALLSOP BOOT-INS

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16mm "1st", 13mm machine av. per cigarette, FTC Regon Aug '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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A vacation home, a weekend home, a second home—your very own ski chalet—compliments of Kent! It's an ALTA INDUSTRIES Ltd. of N.Y. rustic log-bull Chalet. A 2 story dream house with 2 bedrooms, sleeping loft and spiral staircase. You'll have your home where you want it, because part of the prize is \$10,000 toward purchase of land anywhere in the continental U.S.—and up to \$12,000 toward the cost of construction. Sound like a dream? It is and you can win it!

The ultimate odds of your winning are determined by the total number of entries received. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. Use the entry blank provided here or a plain piece of paper the same size. Good luck and good skiing!

No Purchase Necessary. Enter Today. Sweepstakes Closes: March 30, 1973

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Enter my name in the Kent Ski-Stakes. Enclosed are two bottom flaps from Kent or Kent Montreal (or a 3x5 inch piece of paper with the word KENT printed in plain block letters).

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All prizes guaranteed to be awarded. All entries received by March 30, 1973 are eligible. Drawing will be held April 15, 1973. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes must be claimed by April 3, 1974. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. Use the entry blank provided here or a plain piece of paper the same size. Sweepstakes limited to residents over 21 years of age. Employees and their families of Lorillard, its media, advertising and marketing agencies are not eligible. One prize to a family. No purchase required. If you are the grand prize winner, and you list your dealer's name and address, he will receive a 21" RCA color TV at his price. Random drawings conducted by Adams-Burke Co., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No substitution for prizes, local, state and federal taxes, if any, or prizes are the responsibility of the winners. Open to residents of the United States. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Georgia and wherever prohibited by law. All Federal, State and local regulations apply. For a list of major prize winners send a separate, stamped self-addressed envelope to: Ski-Stakes Winners List, Box 1136, Rosemount, Minn. 55068. Entry to the Ski-Stakes constitutes full permission to publish names, addresses and photographs of winners without further compensation.

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sent to I writers a report, both specifiers on Comar's biggest moments, the high weights he has carried, compliments he has received from outstanding horsemen and so on, accompanied by a personal note saying, "Imagine me owning a great horse like Comar II. Because I have been so lucky I want to tell you what he has accomplished thus far in his amazing career."

Mrs. Jones' efforts so annoyed Sigmund Sommer, owner of Antiochography, another outstanding handicapper, that he announced he would put up \$100,000 for a \$200,000 match race between his horse and Comar II. We hope the match comes off. While one race is not the final answer as to which of two horses is better (and in this case neither may be Horse of the Year), it seems better and certainly more fun than watching the outcome of a poll.

Match races are really what horse racing is all about—my horse can beat your horse—and there has been a welcome trend toward them this year. Last June at Hollywood Park, Hecher Jones, who was killed in a plane crash last week, sent his Typhoon against Leonard Lavins' Convergence in a showdown between two of the finest racing mares in the country (Convergence won), and this week at Calhoksa Downs in Illinois a match race was scheduled between Jovial John and Blunt Man speeded, as the *Daily Racing Form* put it, by \$20,000 in side bets put up by the owners. The horses at Calhoksa may be undistinguished, but the mares seem first-rate.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Roy Rubin, coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, after his team lost for the 13th time in its season-opening 15-game losing streak: "I don't think anybody in the world wants to be 0 and am throne let alone 0 and 13. This has given me a tremendous amount of humility. I was always humble, but now I am overly humble."

• Buzz Dunning, Guilford College assistant coach, after Carson-Newman handed the Quakers their 23rd straight loss on him the winners played: "I would say they were overly aggressive at times, like between two and 4:30 p.m."

• Mike Littrell, TCU halfback, on his passing record of seven completions in seven attempts over the past two seasons: "My passes are so slow the defender overshoots the ball."

END

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Or off.



It's the new Carousel custom H projector—handsomely styled with wood-grain panels and black finish.

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### Kodak Carousel custom H projectors.

# WET, RACY AND ROYAL

*A new season begins and the man who rules U.S. powerboat racing receives a rare vessel. He says thanks by winning a Key West thriller*  
by HUGH D. WHALL

Robert Magoon. It is not a name one would give instinctively to a monarch. Add the man's professional title and he becomes Doctor Magoon. The sound of it on the tongue immediately brings to mind Mr. Magoon, the nearsighted cartoon curmudgeon, and there's nothing kingly about that. And while Magoon is himself a handy man with a cornea—he is an eye surgeon of great and delicate skill—his true kingdom is the sea, over which he drives large and thunderous racing boats at exceedingly rapid speeds. For four years Magoon has reigned over U.S. ocean powerboat racing, leaving all pretenders in his boiling wake. Last week he began a new defense of his title by waging 190 miles from Key West out to the Dry Tortugas and back at a near-record clip for a victory right royal.

That's Magoon driving up a storm to your right in what must be one of the nicest presents ever given a sovereign. It is a 36-foot Cigarette hull of the kind that has dominated recent ocean racing and in its stern are two splendid new engines—all in all, a \$40,000 gift. Until last week Magoon had simply driven boats owned and prepared by Carl Kiekhaefer, a Merl in among mechanical abracadabrams, but now Kiekhaefer had not only pulled the engines from his bag of tricks but had given them, boat and all, festooned with a big pink ribbon, to Doc Magoon.

Well, the engines created quite a racket, even when they were not running, as the contestants assembled for the Heineken Key West race. There was a clatter of complaint from drivers who did not possess the new power plants, built by Kiekhaefer Aeromarine, that perhaps they had not been truly homologated—

i.e., that not enough had been sold to make them legal for championship competition. But since there were eight for sale at dockside (at \$8,500 apiece) and another pair had been installed in a boat called *Red Vengeance*, the grumbling eventually died down.

What makes the new engines so attractive is the fact that Kiekhaefer has somehow managed to make them run without belts of any kind. Belts break. In addition they are more compact than most engines of their output—605 horsepower. Indeed, at 468 cubic inches they give away several inches to the rival 482- and 496-cu.-in. Mercruisers. Some of the owners of the bigger engines were among those who wanted the Aeromarine out. This perplexed a Kiekhaefer man, Odell Lewis, who said, "It's the only time in my life I've ever heard of anyone protesting a smaller engine."

When the racing crowd wasn't thumbing the rule book it was trading war stories, among them a yarn spun by Knocky House, once right-hand man to famed Don Aronow and now crewman for the new world ocean-racing champion, Bobby Rauthord of Miami Beach. (Key West, one of four U.S. races counting toward the world championship, was the last on the 1972 world calendar but first on the 1972-73 domestic schedule.) Rauthord drives a boat called *Fino* and House is an ex-Olympic wrestler who went for a swim during the Norwegian championship race last summer.

House said it was the roughest race

he could remember, and he is an expert on the subject, having been in more than 150 events all over the globe. According to House, the boat got lost while belting down the Danish coast. "Where are we?" he asked a Norwegian navigator who was aboard for his supposed local knowledge. Replied the Viking with a shrug, "I dunno." Just then, over the tops of towering waves, House sighted people on the beach. Rauthord headed *Fino* inshore. Dressed in life jacket and helmet and with a chunk of chart stuffed in his mouth, Knocky leaped overboard and swam the 100 yards to shore.

As casually as he could, he strolled up to the folks, laid the chart out before them and jabbed his finger at the finish line. They pointed, House ran for the water, swam out to *Fino*, climbed aboard—and off they went to win.

Also present at Key West was Orlan Roger Hanks with his *Blonde IV*. He had won the race last year and was back determined to repeat. A tall, rangy individual who lets the world know how happy he feels when a well comes in—he claims he has drilled only one dry hole—Hanks is famous in racing for doing everything the hard way. "The harder I work," he says, "the luckier I get." If a vaultful of money and a tendency to shove the throttles through their mounts were the only criteria, he would never lose. "The difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys," says Hanks. His cost plenty. He has approximately half a million invested in boats and engines alone.

There was also a sensational Italian driver, Dr. Carlo Benoni. A newcomer,

*crashed*  
Soon after start, the dasher winter-10-86  
years from the fleet's wake into gulf water.





Historic Fort Jefferson was the turning point.

#### WET AND RACY continued

Bonomi won the prestigious Cowes-to-Torquay run in England this year and gave Rautbord a good fight for the world championship. He had finished second in the Miami-Nassau race after a courageous trip in rough weather, but at Key West his *Red Vengeance* was fated to fizzle.

One of the mob not on hand was Sammy James. A not-so-funny thing happened to him on the way down. James is racing director of the Bertram Yacht Corp., once a world-beater in ocean racing, and had intended to make Key West the inaugural event in a smashing comeback with a winged racer. The idea behind the wing was that it would not only help stabilize the boat but glide it over rough water and add lift to lighten the hull, thus increasing speed. When James and co-driver Gordon Cooper, the astronaut, took the boat out for a test spin off Miami last week the wing was not in place. Coming in through Government Cut the boat hit a freighter's wake, leaped 20 feet into the air, landed on her tail, got slapped by a smaller wave and came down hard—so hard that James bit the steering wheel. Picking himself up, he turned to Cooper and mumbled through broken teeth, "Am I O.K.?" Replied Cooper, who escaped with a badly wrenched knee: "Well, your tongue's sticking out but your lips are closed." It took 26 stitches to sew up James' face. The boat was out of the race.

Four-foot seas were running off Key West on Friday, but in the night the waves subsided and next morning the water was freeway-smooth. "We're going to have a fast one today," prophesied Bill Wishnick, a former champion.



In a thrilling sea chase "American Eagle" closes in on Magoon. Once ahead, "Eagle" crashed.

Ahead lay an oval course past nine checkpoints, including the turning mark at Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas, 65 miles out from Key West. Fort Jefferson is that gloomy old edifice where Dr. Samuel Mudd was imprisoned for setting John Wilkes Booth's leg after the assassination in Ford's Theater.

Sixteen boats bolted across the starting line, beneath a brassy sun. In the lead came Rautbord's *Fino*, but not for long. Within a minute or two Magoon raced through the fleet to assume his customary position up front. In the cockpit with him rode his sidekick and mechanic, Gene Lanham. Along for his first ride in a race boat but no stranger to four-wheeled racers was Peter Gregg, a driver in the Can-Am series.

In any ocean race keeping the engines running is just as important as speed, so as soon as Magoon's *Aeromarine III* asserted herself the question arose: would the new Kiekhafer engines endure or would they break? Barreling toward Fort Jefferson, her exhaust a musical bellow, *Aeromarine III* withstood every challenge.

A ferocious one came from *Blonde IV*. Hanks had stayed off the pace in the early going but now he made a run at Magoon like a bull going for a matador. Nearly caught him, too. But suddenly his boat went dead, leaving him stranded but defiant as the rest of the boats roared by. Later he got *Blonde* going again and limped back in to Key West.

A boat called *Popeye* had made a charge at *Aeromarine* earlier, only to get a flying nudge in the stern from *American Eagle*. That put *Popeye* out. A blue beauty owned by Tom Gentry of Hawaii, *Eagle* is another 36-foot Cigarette (there were nine in the race) powered by twin 525-hp MerCruisers that, according to at least one expert, were the best-prepared engines of their ilk. Approaching the Fort Jefferson turn, *American Eagle* impudently caught up with

A run on winner by "Blonde IV" puts too heavy a strain on her engines, and she turtles out.



Dockside spectator scans Gulf, is scanned.

and stayed glued to *Aeromarine III*.

Now a new flurry of questions came: which engines would go first—the new Aeromarines or those glistening Mer-Cruisers? Did Magoon have enough speed in hand to outrace *American Eagle*? Was Gentry trying to press Magoon into breaking by shadowing him so closely? Was it Gentry who had the faster boat? Said Peter Gregg afterward: "We had the boat trimmed flat-out, but we weren't nervous about Gentry."

They should have been. As other boats dropped out, one by one, the two leaders played cat-and-mouse past the fort. Then Gentry moved. He passed Magoon and stretched out ahead to what the latter estimated as a 10-second lead. Both boats were flying perilously fast now, both drivers suppressing thoughts of swapping ends and snapping bones. The race became a thrilling sprint for the finish. Mile after mile it blazed and then, just 15 miles from home, all at once it ended. Not with the blast of a broken engine, nor did anyone crack up. Instead, *American Eagle* flew onto a rocky shoal she should have skirted and shuddered to a halt—hard aground. One could almost hear the sigh of relief aboard *Aeromarine*. Not that Magoon let up on the pace. Instead of *American Eagle*, he now had a speed record to beat—the average of 74.3 miles an hour set by Aronow in 1967.

That he failed by approximately one mph did not diminish the power and glory of the kingdom of Magoonia. Robert I rules on. **END**

# IT'S ALABAMA IN A RUNAWAY

*When last seen, Terry Davis and his Crimson Tide were rolling on, while bits of LSU were strewn over the field* **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

**T**erry Davis (see cover), the quarterback of unbeaten Alabama, is too small for the pros. His arm and statistics are ungodlike and he has the countenance of a Norman Rockwell boy who thinks he might go cane-pole fishing after a while. But last week in Birmingham, the football capital of the South, Davis passed and ran and pitched and faked and handed off, and just generally executed so thoroughly that hitherto undefeated LSU rarely knew what to expect from him. Alabama won 35-21, which leaves it sitting pretty, bowlwise and pollwise. Saturday night the streets of Birmingham ran red with the school colors and the flushed faces of Crimson Tide enthusiasts yelling "Hooo Loedy" and "Roll, Tide." Those bards who celebrate legendary Confederate quarterbacks must surely have whipped together a "Ballad of Terry Davis" plus an aggressive bumper sticker or two. And after the game Coach Bear Bryant went so far as to say, "I don't know how you get consideration for that Heisman, or whatever it is, but Terry Davis hasn't lost a regular season game."

This, briefly, is what Davis did to LSU. Behind 7-0 in the second quarter, after LSU's own gifted quarterback, Bert Jones, had thrown a 21-yard touchdown pass, Davis faked a handoff and tossed a 25-yard strike to Wayne Wheeler to tie the score. Early in the second half he threw to Wheeler again for a 29-yard touchdown that put Alabama ahead 14-7. When LSU fumbled a punt minutes later, Davis swept end for 25 yards and it was 21-7.



*Showing a heel to LSU's John Steggs, Wayne Wheeler sprints home with touchdown two*

LSU came back to make it 21-14 late in the third quarter, but it was here that Davis and Alabama really took charge. Had the LSU defense been able to hold, the momentum of the game would have shifted to the Tigers, but Alabama took the kickoff and nearly ran LSU back to Louisiana. Like this: Steve Bisceglia gained five. Bisceglia again for 18. Joe LaBue for six. Bisceglia for four. Bisceglia two. Davis 37. Davis five. And Bisceglia, appropriately, for one and the touchdowns. Eight running plays, 78 yards, 28-14, game over, essentially. In fact, Alabama so demoralized LSU Coach Charlie McClendon that given a fourth down and three at his own 31 with about 4:50 left to play, his team still trailing by 14, he chose to punt, giving up any chance for victory. "I felt like I didn't want it to be 50," he said later.

It must be pointed out that Davis did not quell the Tigers singlehanded. Jones stands three inches and 25 pounds larger than the 6-foot, 179-pound Davis, but Davis' blockers average 250 pounds from

guard to guard, and some say that John Hannah is the best lineman in SEC history. "They're tremendous size people," says LSU Running Back Brad Davis, who ran well against them.

Terry Davis also had better receivers than Jones. The best one on the field by far was Alabama's Wheeler, who caught 112 yards' worth of Davis passes, including those two touchdowns. The bulk of the Alabama offense was on the ground, however, and Bisceglia, on the inside, and LaBue, on the outside, gained a little more than half of the team's 335 yards rushing.

Give a little credit too—as if he needed it in Alabama—to Bryant, who installed the Wishbone last year and since then has developed it to the point where its inventor, Darrell Royal, has picked up several reinforcements from him.

Last year McClendon devised a nonsense "one-track" defense to stop Alabama, which LSU did, holding the Tide's running game to 214 yards and one touchdown. Alabama had to come up with two field goals and a two-point



conversion for its 14-7 victory. This year McClendon set up essentially the same eight-man-front defense, and for half the game it seemed to work well enough.

"One man has to go after the quarterback and another one after the pitch man on each play," said McClendon when explaining his one-track idea. "If you play halfway in between you're usually just wrong."

The trouble is, old one-track does not offer much protection against the pass. Playing LSU last year, Alabama threw only three times with no completions. Bear Bryant has been saying right along that Davis can pass well, but statistics like that hardly enforce the notion. But in the first half last Saturday he threw 12 times, and when he completed three more passes at the start of the second half as Alabama went ahead 14-7 LSU had to adjust its defense. At which point the Washbone began to work in all its fury.

"This year's Alabama team is a lot better than last year's," McClendon conceded after the game. "They know so much more about the game and about running the Washbone."

McClendon played for Bryant a long time ago at Kentucky, and the two are golf-playing friends in the off-season. "You get your greatest pleasure defeating a friend," McClendon says. "He'll respect you more if you win." McClendon has beaten Bryant only twice in the nine times their teams have met. "Three years ago in Baton Rouge," recalls Bryant, "we were getting beaten badly and then came back and almost won. Sometimes Charlie gets so fired up you've got to give him a saliva test. After that game he came over and said, 'If you'd won I'd have killed you.'"

That was the year that McClendon's daughter met the Crimson Tide's plane on its arrival in Baton Rouge and kissed Bryant when he disembarked. Bryant was pleased, but when LSU won and McClendon told the press that his daughter had delivered "the kiss of death," Mrs. Bryant wrote him to express her disapproval of the whole affair.

Saturday's game was a big nationally televised affair, held in the midst of a state of widespread uncertainty over which athletes and which universities were shaping up as Heisman Trophy and national championship probabilities. It was just such an occasion that doomed the Heisman chances of Purdue's Mike

Phelps in 1969, when he was intercepted five times on TV against Ohio State, and such a one that tarnished the image of already selected Pat Sullivan last year when Davis and Alabama ran Sullivan and Auburn off the field. This year it looked like an ideal showcase for Bert Jones, who was coming off a heroic after-the-final-gun game-winning pass against Mississippi. But up popped Davis again, running and passing and hogging the spotlight.

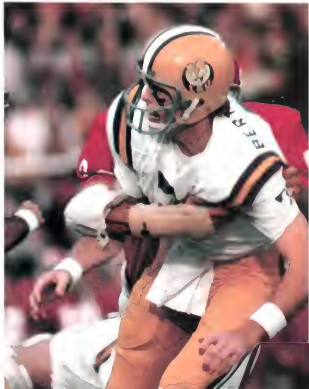
As for the national championship, Alabama will need help if Bryant is to win his fourth title. The only other major undefeated teams are USC and Michigan, and there is no way the Tide can get at either of them. Should a No. 1 USC meet a No. 3 Michigan in the Rose Bowl, the winner would undoubtedly be

voted the title, regardless of what No. 2 Alabama does wherever it goes. To the Cotton Bowl and Texas, some people think, thereby avoiding Nebraska or Oklahoma and a tougher game. Terry Davis gave credence to the thought when he said after the LSU game that he personally would like to go somewhere other than the Orange Bowl to "get a change of scenery."

As for Bryant, he remained noncommittal. "The only time I think about the polls is when someone asks me," he said. And as for whether or not he would like a chance for revenge against Nebraska. "I would like to play Virginia Tech." Alabama plays Virginia Tech this week. Can it be that Bryant is actually worried about Tech? Somebody ought to write a ballad about that.

END

*Bert Jones passed well even though he often kept close company with Alabama's defense.*



# YOU CAN'T BUFFALO THE SABRES

*At least for the time being. Just another expansion patsy until this year, Buffalo's ice men have hecked their way high in the standings with a fiery young line, a cool old defenseman and a rejuvenated goalie* **by MARK MULVOY**

The doctors who removed Punch Imlach's gallbladder last week issued the following bulletin about the post-operative condition of the Buffalo Sabres' testy general manager: "The patient seems in a very cheerful mood." Gallbladder or no gallbladder, seeing your third-year expansionists way up in the standings in the National Hockey League East—and ahead of the defending Stanley Cup champion Boston Bruins—is reason enough for euphoria. For once the Sabres are not causing Imlach any pain, in fact, they may be just what the doctor ordered for his heart condition and his sizzling stomach.

Imlach has created the Sabres with a surgeon's touch, melding the recklessness of youth with the steady influence of age to produce a sports team that the people of Buffalo finally can observe without developing an ache or two of their own. Indeed, the Sabres could boast: 1) the highest-scoring line in hockey—a mod group of Gallic Canadians known as The French Connection, 2) the outstanding rookie in the NHL, 20-year-old Defenseman Jim Schoenfeld, who prefers spaghetti out of the can to steak from the pan as a pregame meal, and 3) the second best defensive record in the league, thanks mostly to 42-year-old Tim Horton, the Donut King of Ontario, who was playing in the NHL before Schoenfeld was born, and 30-year-old Goaltender Roger Crozier, who gave up his own gallbladder—and appendix, too—to conquer the interior awhls he used to feel during every game.

The French Connection has 22-year-old Gilbert Perreault of Victoria, Quebec, centering for 23-year-old Rene Robert of Trois Rivières, Quebec, and 21-year-old Rick Martin of Montreal. After a brilliant start—58 points in 10 games as the Sabres rolled along undefeated—the Frenchmen slowed down and scored only eight points in Buffalo's next five games. As a result, Coach Joe Crozier—no relation to his goaltender—may be disconnecting them shortly.

"The trouble is," Crozier says, "that a classic line must have a big, tough

guy working the corners, and the kids, though they're aggressive enough, don't specialize in roughhouse play." As in Philadelphia last Saturday night where the Flyers, hockey's premier collection of home-ice brawlers, beat the Sabres 3-1 with such Muscle Beach maulers as Bob Kelly, Don Saleski and Dave Schultz battering the Frenchmen at every turn. "The other teams all know that the kids are our only real scoring threats," Crozier admitted. "When they stop them we're in trouble." To get some Buffalo muscle alongside Perreault and Martin, Crozier finally switched Schoenfeld from defense to left wing late in the Philadelphia game. Schoenfeld was agreeable. "I like to hit in the corners," said Jim, a rusty-haired, 6'2", 205-pound strongboy who was playing amateur hockey in Niagara Falls a year ago.

Perreault and Martin played together on the Montreal Junior Canadiens for several seasons, and now they share a garden apartment in the Buffalo suburb of Williamsville. Perreault, potentially hockey's next Jean Beliveau, speaks little English and is extremely shy (during the Philadelphia trip, he went into a drugstore and haltingly asked the counter girl for a "brush teeth"), while Martin speaks French and English fluently and is outgoing enough for both.

On the ice Perreault is as shifty as Bobby Orr as he wheels and deals from his bowlegged base, consistently leaving defensemen wondering where he went. "Gil's so shifty, though, that he does not shoot enough," says one NHL goaltender. "On a breakaway, or even when he gets the puck in close, he'll usually try to fake out the goaltender instead of shooting the puck past him. A lot of goalies have discovered that on breakaways he always makes the same move, shifting the puck to his backhand and trying to beat them low to the glove side. But he's only 22 and we're all afraid he's going to learn pretty soon."

Martin, who has scored 13 goals already this year, usually as the chief beneficiary of Perreault's passes. Last year Martin's heavy shot beat NHL goalies

44 times—beating Perreault's previous record for rookies (38)—and so far this year he has shown some new moves to the inside. Martin, though, does not backcheck very often, particularly when someone has taken the puck from him or the goaltender has blocked a good shot. "He sulks too much," one player says, "and he gets a bit bullheaded. But he's young, too."

Schoenfeld is the youngest Sabre, and like the last Rookie of the Year from Niagara Falls, Derek Sanderson, he has flair. He wears \$250 French-knit suits, has a penthouse apartment in Fort Erie, Ontario ("Acraully," he says, "it's on the second floor of a motel") and is not timid about knocking opponents down. "I'm the happiest kid alive," he says. "No reason to be sad, not when you're 20 years old and making the money I'm making." Schoenfeld does not squander it on food. "Cooking for yourself is a drag," he says. "I just open a can and throw what's in it into the pan."

After drafting two high-scoring forwards—Perreault and Martin—the first two years, Imlach turned to the defense last June and plucked Schoenfeld. To help Schoenfeld he also persuaded Horton to play at least another season. How? With about \$125,000, which could buy a lot of cinnamon crullers in his donut shops. "I watched Timmy play on television when I was just a little kid," Schoenfeld says. "Then I met him here in Buffalo and he told me that I'm making more money in my first year than he made in his 15th season, and he always seemed to be on the All-Star team."

Even with Horton's help, though, Schoenfeld had a rough training camp. Imlach wondered if he might need a year in the minors. "It was my fault," Schoenfeld says. "I got to know all the guys in camp and we became buddies. Then they'd come at me during a scrimmage and I wouldn't want to hit them or hurt them." Schoenfeld corrected the problem during the exhibition schedule, however, and now is the Sabres' No. 1 policeman.

"It's going to be rough tonight," he

said before the game in Philadelphia. "The Flyers started a fight with Rick in the first minute here a week ago. If they start one tonight, I'll be there." He was, and when the period was over he and Kelly had gone to the penalty box together three different times.

"It may be that Schoenfeld will have to play wing with Perreault and Martin," Joe Crozier said afterward. "But then, what do I do with my defense?"

Good question. But with Horton not only playing but serving as tutor-in-residence for Schoenfeld and another rookie defenseman, Larry Carriere, he may come up lucky. This is the second straight season Horton has been lured out of retirement by big money. Last year the Pittsburgh Penguins had a \$105,000 persuader. "They tell me I'm helping them," Horton says, "but they're helping me, too. They take the puck up ice for me. All I have to do is stay behind and cover up. My old legs don't get up the ice like they used to."

He's just being modest. Undeniably, Horton has been Roger Crozier's chief rush-crusher in front of the net, too. Crozier retired a time or two himself when he played for the Red Wings, but now, at 30, he seems lively and well enough to last another five or six years. "I still don't sleep nights before a game or after a game, and I don't eat very well," he says, "but I feel one helluva lot better than I ever did in Detroit."

Crozier always had stomach trouble when he was with the Red Wings; customarily he went to Florida for a week in midseason to restore his nerves. "I had these problems," he says, "but there was so much pressure to win in Detroit that management never could communicate with me." Indeed, when Ned Harkness took over as coach, the first thing he did was trade Crozier to the fledgling Sabres. "I don't want a goalie who never knows until game time whether he'll be able to play," Harkness said at the time. Crozier's pains persisted in Buffalo, so last summer he finally had his operation. "They removed my gallbladder and appendix and they also enlarged the largest tube to the pancreas. I still can't drink liquor or eat any pizza, but at least life is bearable."

Bearable for Crozier, perhaps, but not comfortable for NHL shooters, who have beat him only an average of 2.13 times per game this season. Who needs a gallbladder anyway, Punch?

END



Hotshot Rick Martin, one-third of *The French Connection*, rushes in on California's Seals.



# A PLAY OF LIGHT AND SHADOW

In Munich's gathering darkness, John Akii-Bua's victory celebration was like a ray of hope; so, too, he glimmers in his African homeland.

The author, fourth in the Olympic marathon, was one of a handful of journalists allowed in Uganda last month **by KENNY MOORE**

Even before he ran a step in the Olympics, John Akii-Bua was amazing. As the other finalists in the 400-meter hurdles stared blankly down at Munich's dried-blood-red track, grimly adjusting their blocks and minds for the coming ordeal, Akii danced in his lane, waving and grinning at friends in the crowd. Then, when it was over, after he had won the race in world-record time and kept on going past the finish, barely slowing while his victims slumped and dry-heaved on the infield, right then an attendant came over to take him to the doping test. The organizing committee had not allowed time for victory laps but the crowd was on its feet, calling, and Akii heard. He eluded his officious pursuer by bounding over a hurdle and then he floated down the backstretch, clearing each hurdle again, a crimson and black impala leaping joyfully over imaginary barriers where there were no real ones, creating one of the few moments of exultation in the Olympics. And after the Games had ended, on notes of violence and regret and disgust, it seemed that Akii-Bua most symbolized what they might have been. He seemed a man eternally worth knowing.

But John Akii-Bua lives in Uganda, which is even more beset with troubles than the Olympics. In an attempt to unify a country rift by tribal factions and economic crises, the xenophobic president, General Idi (Big Daddy) Amin, conjured up a mixed bag of scapegoats. Forty thousand Asian residents, branded "economic saboteurs," were expelled. Invasions from neighboring countries have been periodically announced.

The Ugandan chief justice disappeared. Two weeks before I arrived last month, foreign journalists were accused of espionage, rounded up and pitched into a Black Hole of Calcutta jail. In rapid succession General Amin praised Hitler's treatment of the Jews, said Tanzania had invaded, and had four roadblocks erected on the 21-mile stretch of road between the capital, Kampala, and the airport at Entebbe. His army, which has a reputation for loose discipline and drunkenness, was given license to shoot anyone who did not identify himself at once, and to conduct vigorous searches for firearms entering and Ugandan currency leaving the country. If all this weren't sobering enough, I could always consider Uganda's crocodiles, black mambas, malaria . . . As my plane banked in over the swampy expanse of Lake Victoria, the pilot came on the intercom: "To the left is a phenomenon which might be of interest to some passengers. That cloud of reddish-brown smoke above the water there is not smoke at all, but billions of flies, hatching out of the lake."

Stepping from the plane I was seized by a smiling, animated Akii-Bua. Dressed in gray slacks and a Commonwealth Games T shirt, he gave an impression of greater bulk than when seen running. His features are fine, almost delicate, and his complexion very smooth. His eyes are small, allowing his face to be dominated by perfect white teeth. He swept me through customs with a simple telling phrase—"This man is with me"—and we got in a National Council of Sports car and started up the worrisome road to Kampala. Akii chuckled at my fears.

"This is a land of rumor," he said

with a loose gesture that seemed to include all of East Africa. "I don't know why. We get enough news. But the rumors still fly. Last week everybody ran out of Kampala because rumormongers said there was lightning at Entebbe. There was none. I think you will find Uganda a peaceful country. Just maybe a little nervous."

The road, which ran through thick tropical foliage, was lined with black, yellow and red hunting and freshly set banana plants. The next day was the 10th anniversary of Uganda's independence. Dignitaries were arriving. The roadblocks had been cut to two, manned by soldiers bristling with automatic weapons. When we pulled up at the first, the sight of Akii transformed the dour men of war. They became schoolboys who flocked around the car to shake his hand, saying, "You did very marvelous in the Games. Thank you."

"Thank you," said Akii, and we were on our way. "It's easy," he said, "see?" I also saw a carload of Asians looking on forlornly as soldiers ripped through their belongings. Akii read my thoughts.

"The army is worse in the countryside and near the frontier. There they speak no English, not even Swahili, only tribal dialects. You can't compromise with them. They kill you like that."

There had been a crush at the airport, and we encountered more hordes of Asians coming out from Kampala. "Do you agree with making them leave?" I asked.

"Asians are not good people to me," he said. "I am not educated. I do not know much about economics. But Asians stay off to themselves. They don't want to mix with black people. Once in a busy restaurant the only place for me was at a table with three Asians. When I sat, they all went away from there without eating. I don't like that. So I don't care much if they leave the country."

We climbed through rich, red soil "That hill there," said Akii, pointing out a slope covered with bamboo, pawpaw and tall serene trees he called *kakaze*, "reminds me of home in the north. Look, do you know cassava?" We slowed by a roadside stand and he showed me the staples of Uganda: millet, sweet potatoes, beans, maize, bananas and dry, white stacks of cassava root.

"I don't eat a lot of meat," he said,

*continued*

**IN GRIM CONTRAST** are General Amin's brawling soldiers and Akii-Bua's joyous cheer.

"Maybe once a week. Usually just beans, cassava bread or porridge and a plate of greens. I like greens. There is one in the northern regions which is very sour. Especially pregnant women like it. You don't feel lazy after you eat that one. And another is bitter. It's nice, too. You can't eat it if you're not used to it." He laughed at the thought of my tasting it, imitating the pinched face I would certainly make. "It's a good land," he said. "A big garden, a cow, and you can live."

Women along the way were wrapped in flowing print dresses. "They are called *bembi*," said Akli. "Since the law forbidding minis, they have come back. It takes seven meters of cloth for one."

A barber had placed his table, mirror and chair in the deep shade beneath a mango tree. He approached his customer with shears while other men waited, sprawled on the grass.

"Spilling up for tomorrow," said Akli.

Near the edge of the city was the other roadblock. Akli was not immediately recognized and we had to show identification. He did not produce the hoped-for sensation.

"And where are you going in this official car?" was the question.

"This man is an official guest of the National Council of Sports," said Akli, "and I am responsible for him." After much rifling of my passport we were cleared to go. During a moment's wait while a truck in front of us got in gear, I picked up my notebook from the seat. Instantly a soldier's head leaned in over my shoulder. His machine gun cracked against the door. "What are you writing? What are you writing?"

"About cassava. About bitter greens."

There was further discussion with Akli-Bua in Swahili. Finally we were allowed off, and drove into town.

Kampala is a city of 330,000. Alabaster mosques top its hills, and glass and stainless-steel hotels, banks and government buildings stand in tiers amid juaanada and bougainvillea.

We drew up at my hotel and Akli joined me for lunch. He carefully read the entire menu while the waiter shifted from one foot to the other. Finally, perplexed, Akli tossed it on the table. "I am best in cafeteria," he said. "I shine when I can see and point." He closed his eyes to visualize the ideal luncheon. "Soup and chicken and beer," he said, and that is what he got.

English is Akli-Bua's third language,

after Swahili and his Lango dialect. Occasionally he would pause in our conversations, faced with concepts for which his English was inadequate. The Swahili he spoke in my presence was, by contrast, a torrent. I have no doubt that his is a swift, innovative mind.

I said he struck me as a man having close ties with the land. He nodded and told me about his early life. "My father was a county chief of the Lango district in the north. He died in 1965 when I was 16. At that time he had five wives, but he had divorced three others. We all lived together and moved with my father from county to county. There was Moroto, where I was born, Dukolo, Kwanja, Oyam. I have forgotten some of them. Now my family lives in a small village, Abako, on three square miles of land. At one time I had 43 brothers and sisters. Now, I don't know." (Milton Obote, the recently deposed president, was a Lango tribesman. When Amon took over in January 1971, he purged the army of Langi. Those who escaped fled to Tanzania. Akli-Bua had eight brothers in the army at the time of the coup. He said only, "We have not heard from them.")

"I remember my father bringing home sweets. There weren't enough for everyone. He set up competitions, races over different distances. We ran in groups the same age. I don't think I ever won. I had to beg sweets from my brothers."

"I left school in 1964 and stayed home to look after the cattle. We had 120. I milked them, I plowed with them, everything. In 1956, when I was very young, home took sheep and goats from our farm, even cattle. But none came when I tended them. I did have a close look at some very big pythons. And we have wild monkeys. They can tease you and throw things. They make you run away."

"Then I was picked by a brother to be a cashier in his bar. I did that until I joined the police in 1966. I passed my training in 1967." Akli-Bua is now an assistant inspector, the equivalent of lieutenant.

Uganda's first athlete was Lawrence Ogwang, a triple jumper who went to the Commonwealth Games in Vancouver in 1954 and to Cardiff in 1958. And I knew athletes like Patrick Eliot, a 6'8" high jumper, and Tito Opaka, a high hurdler, but I never ran until I joined the police. We had to go to physical training at 5:30 a.m. We did three miles cross-

country and exercises. Because I could do good stretching I was selected for the high hurdles. Jorem Ochana was black African record holder in the 440 hurdles and he coached me hard. He put a high-jump bar a couple of feet above the hurdle so I would learn to keep my head and body low. Can you see this scar on my forehead? Ochana was a superior officer. He made me listen. I used to bleed a lot in our exercises, knocking the hurdles with my knees and ankles, keeping my head down."

In the police championships of 1967 Akli-Bua won four events and ran on the winning mile-relay team. Thereafter he was put under Malcolm Arnold, a British coach. The qualifying standard in the highs for the Mexico City Olympics was 14.1; Akli's best was a pokey 14.3. A few months before the 1970 Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh, finding Akli unable to improve over the shorter distance, Arnold had him concentrate on the 400 intermediates, in which he ran 52.3 and qualified. In Edinburgh Akli was eighth into the final turn, finished fourth in 51.1 and entered the hospital for a hernia operation. Six months later he did 49.7 on a lumpy grass track in Kampala and was invited to compete in the Pan-Africa-U.S.A. International Track Meet in Durham, N.C. "The Kenyan officials didn't like me to go," said Akli. "They wanted their men, William Koskel and Kap Kemboi. They said my 49.7 was timed with an alarm clock." Ample motivated, Akli-Bua whipped Koskel and the Americans in 49.0. "I waved to the crowd before the tape. Maybe without that playing I could have run 48.7, 48.8." As he recalled that finish he was refilled with his happiness. "I'd wave again," he said.

In early 1972, Akli-Bua embarked upon six months of training unprecedented in ferocity. "I started with lots of cross-country. I ran hard twice a day. Then I set up five hurdles, high hurdles, every lap and put on my 25-pound coat [a weight vest] and did four times 1,500 meters over the hurdles. That was it every day, building stamina. The police gave me \$150 to go to Kabale in the west where the hills are very steep."

"The hills are steep here in Kampala."

"Not like Kabale. It is high and cold. Twice a day I ran six times up a 600-meter hill, always with my heavy coat. I had two coaches at that time, Arnold and George Odeke. They gave me a pro-

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gram, but I did more than they asked. I don't think it was natural to do as much as I did, but I grew strong." John Velman of Kenya, who has coached Kosken, has one word for Aki-Bua's pre-Munich regimen: "Madness."

"What possessed you?" I asked.

Aki put aside the remains of his chicken and cleaned his large hands in a finger bowl. "We don't have good facilities. Only a grass track. It takes months to get spiked shoes sent from Europe. For three or four years no one in Uganda was good enough to represent us overseas. I wanted to change that, to show that Uganda could also produce good athletes, like the Kenyans. I wanted to show that if we had the facilities the Ugandan people would be as good as any other." He was silent for a while, sipping his beer. When he spoke again it was in a less ringing, more offhand tone. "There are always many reasons why someone does something well. Of course, I wanted to run in the Olympics because of my future, but you have to understand about being from a small country. I had a chance to be the first champion from Uganda. I worked hard."

Aki-Bua went to Europe over a month before the Games and polished his speed over the hurdles. "I think it is better to always combine sprinting and hurdling in training if you want them to go together in the race. So for a week I sprinted over 200s with five hurdles. Then 300s with seven. Then two weeks over all 10. Six days before the competition I did a time trial: 48.6. I was relaxed. I didn't think of beating any individual when I trained. I just thought of the gold. Oh, I watched the others in the heats. They seemed tense and tired-looking. I thought Ralph Mann's hurdling technique was cuckoo."

The feeling might have been mutual. Mann of the U.S. and most other world-class quarter-mile hurdlers lead with their left legs. This allows them to run on the inside of the lane. Aki-Bua often leads with his right. To avoid violating the airspace of the man to his left he must run at least two feet out from the line, and landing on his right foot tends to throw him even farther from the inside of his lane. His disadvantage around two turns can be as much as four yards.

There were other reasons why the odds seemed against Aki. A week before the Games he had a tooth extracted and

it still was bothering him the morning of the final. He hit the first hurdle on his semifinal, giving himself a tender, swollen knee. "I didn't report anything to my coaches, I was afraid they would say I was fearing."

The world record of David Hemery of Great Britain (48.1), set in a flawless race in Mexico, was thought to be unapproachable in the thicker air of Munich, yet Aki, with all his aches, predicted 47.5 for himself. Then he was presented with the lane assignments for the final.

"When I saw I was in Lane One, I was very disappointed," he said. The more sharply curved inside lane is despised by all one-lap runners. "I went through emotional stages," said Aki. "I went behind the stadium on the day of the race and listened to music on American Armed Forces Radio. I became determined, not sad. After that I just tried to be calm. I ran over hurdles outside the stadium and got very warm so I could relax before the start."

Aki hit the sixth hurdle in the final, but his calm resolve carried him past Hemery just before the eighth. He beat Mann by a good five yards in 47.8.

Velman was deeply moved. "That is not just a world record," he said. "It is an incredible world record. Out of the worst lane, running 12 feet farther than anyone else, hitting that hurdle hard . . . The man's strength is simply awesome."

"At the end I didn't feel tired," said Aki. "At first I thought it wasn't the final. I had energy for another race."

He sat back from the table and folded his hands over a pushed-out stomach. "Now I am resting," he said. "Enjoying."

We strolled around downtown Kampala. Perhaps two of every five people we passed raised a thumb or eyebrow at Aki, usually with a deferential greeting. Ugandans don't seem to care about autographs. Aki's adulation is therefore far less oppressive than it might be.

"It is good you came when you did," he said. "In two days I am going to Addis Ababa, and then to Paris."

"I thought you were resting."

"Oh, I have no races. I am just going. . . ." He laughed and got his arms, elbows, wrists and fingers tangled together in a child's gesture of shyness. "I am just going to be famous."

"How much has your life changed since the Olympics?"

"Oh, very much. The changes have been coming since 1970, when I first represented Uganda. My promotion was based in part on running. In the last two years I have been able to support my family. . . ."

"Wait a minute. I forgot to ask. Are you married?"

"I have a fiancée," he said. "And a baby, one year. But when I say family I mean my mother and brothers. I have eight brothers in school. American colleges offer me scholarships, but I can't afford to go because my brothers need me."

I asked what part the tribe played in his life. "It is important. Since I am a Lango, I don't think I'd like to go and live in the West Nile District. I will always have the feeling that it is better to stay with my parents, to live where I was born."

We walked downhill from the gardens and high-rises of central Kampala into the business district. Independence Day banners swathed shops and light poles. Plastered in rows across all vacant surfaces were portraits of General Amin, his collar pushing up his jaws, furrows of worry around his eyes.

"I didn't expect the reception I got when I came home," said Aki. "There were 2,000 people at the airport. I met ministers, there was a VIP luncheon. The president came. It was the second time he had spoken to me. Last year he said he hoped I'd do my best in the Olympics. It was good to know I had."

"Everything has come my way since Munich. You know, since my father died we have been poor. I had not much schooling. I was not a middle-class man. But now I have so many friends, so many invitations. Every night I have to break promises."

Farther down the slope we came onto a dusty street which led past shuttered and barred wholesale-furniture houses and ended in a great mass of haggling people.

"That is a market," said Aki, "and this. . . ." He turned and extended his arms both ways along the road. "This is my street."

"Your street?"

"I don't know for sure yet. The government has said they will name a street after me. This one has no real name yet. People just call it South Street. It's a good street, don't you think? Busy, with solid buildings."

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# **LIGHT AND SHADOW**

"Yes, it's a fine street." I stood still, affected. That his name was to be given to an enduring public landmark seemed suddenly to elevate Aki out of the world of games, of records inevitably broken, foats eventually surpassed.

"Remember," said Aki, with a shy look, "there has never been anyone from Uganda like me." Then he laughed, an open, intelligent guffaw at the silliness of it all.

Not far from Aki's street we came to a soccer stadium. Knots of frantic Ugandans, worked to a frenzy by the cheers exploding from within, pointed on every gate. People stood on rooftops. Aki led me around to a small iron door. He knocked and a plate snapped back, revealing a single brow eye. Then the door flew inward and we stumbled into darkness. Men embraced. Aki amid waves of Swahili and ushered in down a passageway into the rear of the officials' box. A game between Uganda and Kenya had just begun. The box was packed, so we went to the end of the field where rows of state limousines were parked. Between cars stood sober policemen. Chains led from their wrists to the collars of nervous attack dogs. Whenever the crowd responded to a play, the dogs snarled and snarled against their chains. The policeman stepped on them, driving the animals to the ground.

"Don't get too close," said Aki, "and don't wander too far away from me."

He showed me where a track, now overgrown, had once circled the ground. "They moved our track to small stadium four miles from here. We protested, but they said this stadium was to be only for football. There is so little interest here in athletics. When we finish running in a race we go to the stands, so the others will have someone watching. I help as many young athletes as I can. I give them my training programs. But the standards are not high. We have six athletes on the police club. We fight the other clubs like the army, the prisons, and we win with just our six. I do both hurdles, relays, 400, javelin. I want to try the decathlon, but my coach is not encouraging me."

"What are your goals now?"

"I want to stay well for 1976, to try to defend. I'll only be 27 then, still able to run. Next year I'd like to better the record. All I would need is some more good training on a Tarian track. We

have the hills here. I have my heavy coat. But you need to sprint on that Tarian."

"After I finish with sports, I want to concentrate on police work. I haven't any other good career than that." He demonstrated his aptitude later in the day when we stopped for gas. Aki leaped out and caught the station attendant in some bawdy-punky behind the pump. "They hold the hose high so it fills with petrol you have paid for," he said. "Then when you have gone, they pour it out and sell it again." This time there wasn't quite enough gas in the hose to press charges. The man got off with a blistering warning.

At dusk we stopped by a gathering at a local tavern. Singing, showing matches and the swaying of millet beer seemed well under way, but Aki assured me the party hadn't started. He spoke into the ear of the proprietor, whose face fell, and we left. "I was to come later and crown Mwenye Kampala. But I am a policeman. I cannot do those things without permission from my superior officers. Besides, I am tired tomorrow. I have to lead the Olympic athletes in the Independence Day parade. And we must get you to Embembe early."

Early, because the departing Asians jamming the airport made it necessary to reach Embembe two hours before my time a flight. I bravely considered taking a cab and letting Aki sleep, but he wouldn't hear of it. "It will be better that I go," he said.

At six a.m. on Independence Day it was night in Kampala. At 6:15 the sky was purple velvet brushed with pink, and filled with birds. Crows, kites, canaries and eagles dipped and wheeled and darted above the greening silhouettes of *Kalindi* trees. The driver for whom Aki had arranged did not appear, so he ran a mile and a half from his police-academy quarters to the nearest cab stand, and called for me in the only vehicle he could find, a groaning Peugeot driven by a 16-year-old. Before leaving town we had to stop at a service station to fill the radiator. The first roadblock was peopled by a handful of noisily, chilled sentries who waved us through. Vultures prowled beside the checkpoint. One flapped clumsily into the air and our driver had to swerve to avoid taking it in the windshield.

On the open road he whipped the car up to an eye-opening 120 kph. After 15

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to a brilliantly blue sky. Then sit down, and stay there. That's all you have to do with Chroma-Loc. Our Automatic Fine Tuning and Color Purifier circuits pitch in to keep the color balanced, too.

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miles the radiator flew, spattering the windshield with steam and rusty water. The driver calmly turned on his wipers. When the vehicle started banging and missing, he pulled into a clearing beside the road and shut off the engine. Huts enclosed a bare earth yard. We sat in the suddenly bright morning, listening to the car hiss and drip. Aki said something sharp in Swahili and the driver got out and went behind the huts. A mass of yellow birds shrieked from a small, denuded tree. I counted 54 swinging, woven grass nests. An old bicycle leaned against an oil drum. Aki and I looked at it, and at each other.

There was a scraping noise and the driver and another man appeared, dragging a 20-gallon tin of water. We filled the radiator and paid a shilling (15c). The driver wanted change, but Aki popped him on the shoulder and told him to start the car. The starter ground away for two minutes. We got out and pushed, sweating at the boy who kept engaging the clutch before we had the car moving more than half a mile an hour. Finally the engine caught and raced, and we were covered with red dust stirred up by the exhaust. We jumped in and were off. We had to push again at the second roadblock, under the baleful stares of unamused soldiers, and as we rolled into Enaghebe the radiator burst. Aki wouldn't let me pay the driver, so the boy lurked, vulturelike, on the edges of our vision as we entered the terminal.

The check-in line for my flight to Nairobi stretched across the room, a caravan of disconsolate Asians sitting on chests and crates. I took my place at the rear. Aki looked at his watch, borrowed my ticket and strolled toward the harnessed clerk. The man glanced up, did a double take and beamed at him. In 30 seconds Aki handed me my boarding pass.

"You're shameless," I said.  
 "You have to remember . . ."  
 "I know. Uganda has never had anyone like you before."

He made sure I would pass customs and then left me. I watched him go, moving through the throng of waiting Asians, followed by a few worshipful eyes and a teen-age cab driver, into the warm, humid Uganda day. As in Munich, an example, a counterpoint, a glimmer of happiness over a landscape of rejection and sorrow.

END

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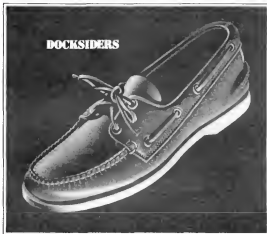


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## VOTING TO SNUFF THE TORCH

Conscious of costs and ecology,  
Coloradans elected to send the  
Winter Games out into the cold

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

When Coloradans cast their ballots on Election Day to cut off state spending for the 1976 Winter Olympics, few residents were affected more conspicuously than a 29-year-old Greek immigrant named Evangelos Tsagkouris. The vote meant that the Games would now be held elsewhere—if at all—a turn of events that Tsagkouris failed to anticipate last March. That was when he bought an old coffee shop on Denver's shabby East Colfax Avenue, grandly re-named the place the Olympic Restaurant and made ready for what he assumed would be "a lot of free publicity between now and 1976."

Tsagkouris accepted the election results bravely enough. Standing outside his restaurant he declared, "I feel bad that there will be no Olympics here, but what can I do?" He glanced at a splendid new sign over the door, one bearing both the restaurant's name and a picture of a lit torch. Then he smiled.

**SPIRIT  
OF '76**

**C  
OLYMPICS**

BEFORE THE VOTE, restaurateur Tsagkouris  
had just the right name for his new place.



resignedly. "That sign, you know, it cost me a lot of money."

A more biting disappointment was in the air at Denver's colonnaded City and County Building, where the familiar Olympic flag outside Mayor William McNichols' office was quietly hauled down. So ended, symbolically at least, a civic effort that began nine years ago and ultimately won the '76 Winter Games—which Denver organizers promised would cost just \$14 million and take place entirely within the preferred easy reach of downtown. The Olympics were tied to the celebration of the U.S. bicentennial as well as to the 100th anniversary, also in 1976, of Colorado statehood. But last week, with projected costs up to \$35 million and venues scattered up to four hours away into the Rockies, the voters served notice, in effect, that they would just as soon grow beards and let it go at that.

The vote, climaxing an Olympic year that had already seen upheaval enough, was a blow not only to Mayor McNichols, a Democrat, but also to Republican Governor John Love and much of Colorado's business Establishment. Pro-Olympic forces, having long since devastated public trust through blunder and bluster, had tried desperately to win it all back by pumping at least \$175,000 into a well-oiled campaign. They trotted out that old pro-Olympian Jesse Owens and flooded the state with entreaties to "light the torch now," meanwhile receiving sustenance from *The Denver Post*, which in the campaign's final days devoted up to five times more news space to Olympic boosters than to critics.

But the public confidence was never fully restored, symptomatic of the breach that the Denver Olympic Organizing

*continued*



save our money - save our mountains  
**STOP THE OLYMPICS!**

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Committee opened when it airily brushed off any inquiries about the source of pro-Olympic campaign funds. "I really don't see where it matters," insisted DOOC Chairman W. R. Goodwin, who also is president of Denver-based John-Manville Corp. It probably didn't matter; by a resounding 537,440 to 358,906, an electorate worried about potential costs and environmental impact of the Games approved an amendment to the Colorado constitution barring the use of further state funds. In Denver voters also enacted a companion measure putting a similar freeze on city funds.

The defeat of the Olympics was managed by an army of doorbell ringers calling itself Citizens for Colorado's Future, which spent \$23,600 in its 11 months of existence—most of it collected in contributions of \$5 or \$10. The CCF had a total media budget of \$2,100, which it used for radio spots in rural Colorado; its one big fund-raising project, a concert by folk singer Judy Collins, lost \$1,000. The CCF's hooks, stashed in a crate in the old house it used for headquarters, were open to the public.

Simply put, the only thing directly affected by the vote was a proposed \$4.2 million in state funds (\$800,000 had already been appropriated), since the rest of the \$35 million of Olympic costs was supposed to come from the Federal Government, Denver's treasury, TV revenues and ticket sales. Still, both sides had defined the stakes as nothing less than the fate of the Olympics, an interpretation reinforced by the fact that the U.S. Senate, in passing a \$15.5 million appropriation for the Games last September, had made the measure contingent on Colorado's coming up with its share. "The voters made their position clear," Goodwin said the morning after the election in the DOOC offices, which commanded a view, a mocking one now, of the Rockies in the distance. "They don't want the Olympics."

And now, seeking a new site for the '76 Winter Games, the International Olympic Committee could have more trouble than Meyer Lansky. The *San Francisco Chronicle* editorialized weeks ago against California getting any bright ideas about forming alternative sites in that state, and the French government is not pushing Grenoble, the '68 site. Another former host, Innsbruck, did express interest, as did Vancouver, but the IOC indicated that it might be four

months before a city is chosen. With the Winter Olympics already under fire for commercialism, it is not inconceivable that the IOC would seize this chance to cancel the Games altogether.

Nor are the 1976 Summer Olympics immune from similar troubles. A growing anti-Olympic movement in Montreal—one that would rather see the city's treasure spent on social needs—is now looking to Denver for ideas on how to proceed. The Colorado campaign may not exactly fit their needs, for in Denver the opposition centered on economic plus environmental issues. The result brought together under the anti-Olympic banner young activists, conservationists, blue-collar workers and fiscal conservatives. If the CCF provided the locomotion, the man at the controls was Dick Lamm, a lawyer who, at 37, last week also won his fourth term as a state representative.

Lamm, an intense, intellectually restless man, was tilting with the state's big money interests. "The people behind the Olympics are the same ones who stand to profit—the airlines, hotels, banks and ski resorts," he said. Warning that Olympics have always been seeded with "economic land mines," he questioned whether the DOOC could realistically hope to keep costs from soaring far higher.

The Olympic fires further argued that the Games, at whatever cost, were an unwelcome extension of the "sell-Colorado" campaign that Governor Love has used to attract tourism and industry during his three terms in office. In fact, this may have been the strongest slat in the bed on which the Denver Olympics were laid to rest. Many Coloradans believe that Love's efforts have been, if anything, too successful. Evidence that the state may have been oversold is there in the Los Angeles-style sprawl that now stretches from Denver westward into the foothills of the Rockies. With problems of smog and water shortages worsening, posters have gone up urging outsiders to "Ski Kansas" and bumper stickers have flowered reading "DON'T CALIFORNIAIZE COLORADO."

"We're starting to realize that growth isn't necessarily good," said Lamm. "We've got to stop this knee-jerk homocentrism and mindless promotion along."

All this was in stark contrast to the goodwill that prevailed back in May 1970 when a band of Denver boosters returned triumphantly from Amsterdam, having

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been awarded the '76 Games by the IOC. In view of the anti-Establishment cries heard later, it is noteworthy that much of the earliest opposition came from Evergreen, an affluent suburb in the foothills west of town with a population only slightly less rarefied than the 7,000-foot altitude. It was agreed in Amsterdam that the Olympic Nordic events would be staged in Evergreen but, unhappily, the matter had been discussed with few people who actually lived there.

The opposition that soon developed in Evergreen was sometimes hysterical, maintaining that hooligan competitors would gun down innocent children in their schoolyards. A more justifiable concern was the DOOC's failure to let the IOC in on the secret that Evergreen is in a mild region where chances of snow at the time of the Games would be one in 25. The sites had been chosen, of course, in the interest of keeping the Games on the front side of the range—and thus easily within a promised 45-minute drive.

Similar thinking influenced the location of the proposed downhill course. This was Mount Sniktau, a craggy, wind-whipped peak with scanty snow covering, a deficiency Denver's leaders hid by having an artist airbrush snow on bald spots in the picture submitted to the IOC.

Perhaps the airbrushing ploy was a perfect pointer to the entire blunder, in their eagerness to host Denver, the committeemen had clearly sold the wrong side of the Rockies to the IOC. Denver, east of the Continental Divide, is not itself a ski area, the obvious Olympic-caliber skiing is many miles to the west. It is still puzzling that more knowledgeable protests were not raised earlier than they were.

On top of these and other misrepresentations, it also became clear that the Denver committee's \$14 million price tag was utterly unrealistic. Through the veil of obfuscation came but one ray of light. Asked about the Denver delegation's performance in Amsterdam, Colorado Lieutenant Governor John Vanderhoof said: "They were pressed for time, so they lied a bit."

Under growing attack by now, the Olympic leadership went to Sapporo for the '72 Games where Mayor McNichols assured officials that "only I," of the people back home oppose the Olympics. To argue otherwise, the newly formed CCF sent three delegates of its

*continued*

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## OLYMPICS *continued*

own to Japan, where they forced their way into a meeting to tell the IOC of the growing anti-Olympic sentiment in Colorado. Returning home, they easily collected 77,392 signatures, some 25,000 more than the number needed to put the Olympics on last week's ballot.

Later, while the winter sport world watched with growing amazement, the Denver panel made a last, desperate effort to save everything by redistributing the Games—a schedule reluctantly accepted by the IOC. First bobsledding was hustled right out, over the futile objections of that sport's international federation. Then Nordic events were shifted from Evergreen to Steamboat Springs, a 156-mile drive through the mountains. Alpine events wound up 100 miles away near Vail. Only luge, hockey and skating stayed in Denver. The scattered new sites made better technical and ecological sense, but instead of the centralized concept promoted in Amsterdam they offered a strange new Olympic mode and a sharp break with history. In addition to expense, there was the prospect of three Olympic Villages, plus air and auto lifts for competitors to opening and closing rites.

In their efforts to undo the damage caused by past sins, Olympic supporters seemed clearly desperate: McNichols was accused of election-code violations when literature calling the Olympics "a force for peace, brotherhood and international goodwill" was distributed with the pay envelopes of the city's 8,000 employees, and if the mayor could have had his way, he clearly would have submitted the entire matter to Emily Post for arbitration.

"It's like inviting somebody to dinner," McNichols said. "You just can't tear up the invitation."

Another ill-advised campaign move was the DOOC's effort to discredit its foes by circulating a *Denver Post* story that darkly described CCF's organizers as "a small but artful band of senacious young political activists who have filtered into Colorado over the past two years." The story omitted the fact that one of the key CCF leaders mentioned, 24-year-old Meg Lundstrom, was born in Colorado. "And our people didn't filter here," she added. "They came here." The DOOC leaflet also did not mention the fact that, on the other side, Chairman Goodwin himself became a Coloradoan only when John-Manville moved its

*continued*





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headquarters from New York last year.

In its final effort to save the Olympics, the DOOC stubbornly stuck to its \$35 million cost estimate, and argued that the Games, far from being environmentally harmful, would produce valuable land-use planning for Colorado. This was a point that DOOC Vice-President Eric Auer, a Swiss-born engineer, was still making as late as Election Eve when he and Lamm met for a debate ("The Olympics: Boon or Boondoggle?") in a chemistry classroom at Denver Community College.

Auer, an embattled figure amid the Bunsen burners and element charts, was eloquent in behalf of boon. "The Olympics will bring together state and federal environmental planning in Colorado for the first time," he promised. "They'll be the catalyst for land use."

But next day, when the votes were counted, it was all boondoggle. The anti-Olympic amendment swept virtually every part of Colorado except the ski country around Vail and Steamboat Springs—and it lost in each of those communities by only a handful of votes. Insofar as the issues were money and environment, the outcome was reminiscent of public rejection of another big project, the SST. But the competence of the DOOC leadership also was in question, and the message for a crisis-ridden Olympic movement seemed clear: the excellence and fair play routinely expected in Olympic competition are no less necessary in the back rooms where the Games are actually organized.

This was the first time that an already approved venue had ever turned down an Olympics. Yet it was not a vote against the Olympics per se, nor a vote against sport. But it was a vote against sporting facilities that cost taxpayers millions of dollars and work against essential conservation attitudes in the area concerned.

As for other lessons, Lamm suggested a couple while celebrating at the CCF's Election Night party. "We have shown that we don't need circuses in Colorado, we need solutions to problems." At their wake elsewhere in Denver, pro-Olympic troops were finding comfort at a well-stocked bar. The CCF made do with inexpensive California wine and great quantities of Olympia, a beer popular in the West. Lamm, in his wisdom, may have found that brand inappropriate. He was drinking Budweiser.

END

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# The New Snowplaces Are Showplaces

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN



The idea is to plant a ski resort and let it grow along a mountainside with as little ecological upset as possible, knowing full well that the environmentalists—with good reason—stand poised to throw themselves in front of a bulldozer or harass any woodman not inclined to spare that tree. This situation is all for the best. America's newest ski areas, either because of the watchdogs or a freshened awareness of the world around them, are models of improved planning that no longer slash needless scars down a mountainside. Predictably, because of

the need for open spaces, the biggest of the newest are in the Far West, where there are still enough Rockies to go around and where the powder lies deep. Foremost among the major areas this season are Utah's Snowbird and Colorado's Breckenridge, which are pictured here and on the pages that follow. They are today's resorts; places where the pleasures of skiing are undimmed by the pains of bad design.

---

Tucked tidily into a deep canyon, the Snowbird condominium tabaret faces powder slopes, the playground of experts like Gordon Yates (right).



Perched on an outlook above an inspiring valley, the Mid-Gad cafeteria at Snowbird offers both sandwiches and scenery to its crowds of skiers.



Taking off from an expert run, super-skier Gerry Warren (right) can survey an 11,000-foot setting atop Salt Lake's Little Cottonwood Canyon.



Carrying 120 skiers at a time, the aquatic aerial tram glides from its base at 8,100 feet to the terminal at the top of Hidden Peak in six minutes.





The iron machinery purring behind window-walls, serves as a backdrop for parties in the Tram Bar, gatherings that sometimes get oiled, too.



Snowbird's resident host and founder Ted Johnson (below) presides over a dinner in one of the new condominiums—each room with a view.



On the next two pages Kite-man Jeff Jobe soars high over the Snowbird ski area. At his feet is a gigantic span of Utah's Wasatch Mountains.







Colorado's combination of brilliant sunshine and lofty mountain vistas inspires skiers to pause for picnics on a peak overlooking Breckenridge.



Portrait of a ski resort tailored to the contour of the terrain, Breckenridge Mountain (right) offers 30 runs and a network of eight lifts.



But not all skiers are served by the chair lifts. A springtime specialty of the Rockies is hiking up, skis shouldered, for lunch, then a sunny run.





Swooping along above the treeline on Briar Rose Mountain, a skier can savor almost three miles of snow on the fast trip back toward the base.



Named after an old silver mine of the 1900s, Breckenridge's Briar Rose Bar and Restaurant enjoys a revival after years of ghost-town decline.



# Striking It Rich at Snowbird

by William Johnson

**T**hey are proliferating now at almost the same frenetic pace that once introduced fast-food eateries and all-night laundromats. Find a hill with a dependable blanket of snow (or maybe a winter's worth of icy boiler plate) and a passable road nearby, and you will find men willing to sink their money, their teeth and their dreams into it. They will erect stanchions on the steep, string up lift lines, hang seats, park cars, install a ski school bell, a row of flush toilets, a supply of radar-baked cheeseburgers, a cash register and—lo!—the world is presented with still another fabulous new ski resort.

It has come to seem almost like Richard Brautigan's *The Cleveland Wrecking Yard*, where complete surplus environments were scrapped and put up for cheap sale and fast assembly:

"... The waterfalls all had price tags on them. They were more expensive than the streams. The waterfalls were selling for \$19.00 a foot. . . . I was very curious about the trout stream. . . . Oh, I had never in my life seen anything like that trout stream. It was stacked in piles of various lengths: ten, fifteen, twenty feet, etc. There was one pile of hundred-foot lengths. There was also a box of scraps. . . . odd sizes ranging from six inches to a couple of feet. . . ."

Well, perhaps it has not come to that yet. The hills, trails and frills of American ski resorts do not come precut or precast in hundred-foot lengths. Nor do they come cheap. Nor do they come easy. But they are coming very quickly.

The past couple of years and this new season of '72 have seen a whole grand coast-to-coast wrecking yard full of American resorts launched, each with its own high hopes—and high promise of being, somehow, something special. And how does one choose?

---

Along a bright white route flanked by deep green pines, Pom Buckland, 1972 National Ski Queen, whisks along on a lively run at Breckenridge.

High in the Rockies of Colorado are the burgeoning \$6 million Keystone Mountain, owned by the Rabbit Puma folks; intimate Crested Butte, named after a mining town two miles south of the peak; lovely unfinished Telluride, also an oldtime mining settlement; and big, ambitious, \$12 million Copper Mountain—which opens this year with no less than 25 trails and a three-story glass restaurant with a 60-mile view. North of Denver is cute little Sharktooth with one slope, one wire-rope tow, one warming hut and all of its runs under floodlights at night.

Or there is Maine, with struggling Evergreen Valley, once dreamed of as a \$40 million wonderland but now merely a \$4.5 million area with three lifts and legal troubles. And there is Burnt Meadows Mountain, two tow lifts and three trails spread daintily over acreage that was turned to ashes and stumps in a 1947 forest fire. In New Hampshire is Oneet Ski Area on Crotched Mountain near Bennington, and there on the Oscar Rosebrook Range will be Breiten Woods, a modest little spot for bunnies, which its developers are pitching as a mountain designed with an eye to "broad lateral scope" rather than trying for "the greatest vertical drop in the East." Outside Spokane is 49 Degrees North, as the new ski resort at Chewelah Mountain is called, with three chair lifts (the longest 6,900 feet with a vertical drop of 1,850) and over near Harrisonburg, Va., is Massanutten, four chair lifts in the mild old Shenandoah Valley hills (maximum drop 795 feet), a mere two hours from Washington, D.C. Up in New Jersey is the Playboy Club's Great Gorge area (a B-cup mountain if there ever was one) and there in Pennsylvania is tough little Jack Frost Mountain, a hardy hill that joins with the Poconos' venerable and respected Big Boulder area, now a quarter of a century old. And in California, where Mineral King still has all of its Disney-sized ideas beached in the courts and Squaw Valley has been nipped by the

black frost of bankruptcy, there are still brave new resorts in bloom. Notably, there is Northstar-at-Tahoe, which plans a \$100 million showplace eventually but opens this year with a lot less (10 miles of trails and five lifts), and Kirkwood, which figures on a \$60 million facility someday but opens now with six condominiums, a day lodge, 14 trails and four chair lifts.

The ski resort boom is deafening and it is possible—though not probable—that it has yet to reach a fortissimo. There could be much more to come, but there are those who say that the bull market in ski resorts is already fading. It is true that there is a sharply diminished supply of accessible mountain land for ski trails and facilities. It also is true that the Federal Government, which has leasing rights to a huge majority of America's mountain lands, is becoming more and more reluctant to allow lovely wild areas to be used for further commercial development and private profit. Then, too, there is an ever more dedicated—and rapidly growing—legion of devout conservationists and ecology evangelists who believe more ski areas are a desecration of the wilderness. They are not entirely wrong; certainly the U.S. is nearing the point where the life expectancy of a golden eagle and the well-being of an aspen grove are issues more critical than the installation of still another hundred miles of ski trails. This is particularly true considering the inevitable bulldozer destruction and mountain upheaval that come with the arrival of the roads, heavy traffic, sewage lines, parking lots and all-round environment-busting stuff required by a respectable profit-making ski resort.

Still, the new plethora of mountains polished and hillside groomed for skiing has produced at least a few admirable specimens of really tasteful architecture and genuine concern for nature-blended planning. None, so far, quite matches the resort that has happened—and is still happening—in lovely, winding Little Cottonwood Canyon in the

*continued*

## Showplaces

Wasatch Mountain range 25 miles above Salt Lake City, Utah.

The place is called Snowbird. It is named for a little, unheralded silver-mining claim (which proved to be silverless), one of hundreds of such claims that cut a vast patchwork of hopes and scars across the mountainsides 100 years ago. In summer one still can see an occasional rusted ore-track, one-man rail line laid along the slopes of Snowbird—and beneath the surface there is still a honeycomb of mine shafts and tunnels where men once hurried for riches. Some found it; in all, about \$37 million worth of ore was packed and chipped and tunneled out of the sides of Little Cottonwood Canyon.

But the rich turned into a trickle, leaving nothing but a wretched little mining settlement called Alta at the top of the canyon. In summer a gentle carpet of pines and wild flowers spread over the mining scars, and in winter massive falls of snow covered all the tracks of men. The snow was treacherous stuff that often exploded into avalanches, rampaging down the steep slopes, wrenching loose mammoth trees, rolling them like pool cues down the mountainside and turning them into splinters. Nature pretty much ruled the canyon as it wished for several decades—until 1937, when the science of avalanche control matured and that decrepit little ghost town of Alta splintered toward resurrection as a ski area.

In those young years of the sport there were perhaps 50,000 U.S. skiers (compared with five million today), and Alta quickly became the Mecca for deep-powder addicts, known around the world as that rare vastness of untouched slopes where purists and experts only need apply. After all, the mountainsides fell away at a degree just something less than vertical, and the only thing that kept the skiers connected to the world was the fact that they were literally up to their armpits in fluffy snow.

But Alta never grew very much, heaving in the remote and liquorless state of Utah, and came to rely almost entirely for revenue on local folks—who are a notoriously spoiled and stung breed, since they need drive but 30 minutes to the greatest snow on earth and pay no more than \$7 for a weekend lift ticket. Even now, in its 35th year, the place seems relentless in its determination to remain modest: Alta still has only four

small lodges and six chair lifts, and can handle no more than 4,200 skiers per hour.

But by anybody's definition, unassuming, shambling old Alta is the true godfather to the buoyant and dynamic new resorts just down the road, for had there been no Alta, Snowbird's golden egg would certainly never have hatched.

Among the purists who succumbed to the glories of Alta powder long ago was a strapping, blue-eyed chap named George Theodore Johnson, carefree and possessed of energetic *jeu de vivre*, a onetime cotton-picker, bicycle rider, life-guard-bar manager at Waikiki and a new convert to skiing. In 1954, then 28, Ted Johnson was on his way to Sun Valley for an aimless winter when someone told him about Alta. Although he went around the world a couple of times later, performing in ski-adventure films, Ted Johnson never really left Utah again.

He moved in as a handyman and later became famous as the caretaker at a tiny mid-station shelter high on the mountainside, selling magnificent ham-burgers to cold, hungry skiers and gaining a reputation as a cook that almost matched his status as the best powder skier in the West. Johnson also managed the Alta and Rustler Lodges. His own sense of resort image was not so sharply honed then as it has come to be: one Christmas during the peak of the Kennedy years in Washington, D.C., he flat-out refused a request by Robert F. Kennedy and family for rooms at the Alta Lodge. "Well, it was Christmas and we were filled up," he shrugs now. "No one at Alta ever thought of what it would mean in prestige and business to have a President's family there. That wasn't the Alta way."

But even as Alta settled deeper into its innocent old ways, Johnson had his eye on something better just down the canyon. For years the hardest skiers from Alta had been hiking up over the range to the high powder fields, at the areas called Peniston Gulch and Gail Valley. On top, at 11,000 feet, they could look down into the Salt Lake Valley on one side and, on the other, down on the top of Alta. From this lofty jump-off, they would cut down those unmarked drops, following clouds of dry powder all around, spinning just great white pine groves, sometimes kicking off a baby avalanche or two. "There was

no better skiing in the world than this," says Johnson, and he began to dream of putting the slopes to use for more than the few mavericks willing to slog over from Alta.

In 1965 Johnson scratched together enough capital, about \$30,000, to buy a sprawling old mining claim called Black-jack, which lay between Alta and the dream mountainside. Then he set to work in the dusty files and record books of county land offices, burrowing through thousands of yellowed pages to find the forgotten ownership of some 95 other abandoned mining claims. One by one he sifted and sorted through them, finally sewing up all the land he needed. He paid \$18,500 for the last parcel to a grizzled ex-miner he had at last located living in a retirement house trailer in Fontana, Calif.

That is the way ski resorts are born. Johnson had wrapped up 857 acres of land, most of it backing right up against 1,200 acres of Wasatch National Forest—with projected expansion possibilities stretching into counties and ridges far beyond.

And then began the long, tough chore of raising enough money—55 million might be a nice round sum, he figured—to install the lifts, put in a tram, the lodging, restaurants, parking lots and power lines to make his fanciful dream Snowbird take off.

Johnson came up with a movie (starring the imitable Ted Johnson floating down the powder slopes) showing the scale models of the ambitious and decorous village he envisioned at the base of the hills—and set out on an exhausting expedition through the executive suites and corporate boardrooms of the land. His wife Wilma, a tall, strikingly handsome Australian lady who is considered a powder skier second only to Ted himself, went along.

"We hustled every big corporation in the country," says Ted. "We'd make our presentation and they'd be really interested in it. A ski resort? It excited a lot of them. I went to Boise Cascade, Royal Street, Western Airlines and the W. J. Vent Rubber Corporation. I'd tell them I was sure it would take 10 years before the thing could turn around and make a profit—but that it looked like a sure thing. Well, lots of them loved the dream—lots of the people I talked to loved the dream, that is. But then they'd

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## Showplaces *continued*

says, "Well, maybe we'd better run it through the computer and see what it says."

"The old Snowbird got derailed by more computers than any project in history, I guess."

The computer rejections went on and on, for about five years. Johnson tried everything else, even selling the place piecemeal like a private club, until one night he was at a cocktail party in Vail, Colo., staring despairingly into his drink, when up stepped a chap with a thick Texas drawl.

"I've heard your name," the stranger said. "Where are you from?"

"Alta," said Johnson.

"I been dyin' to go and ski over there," the man said. And then he said: "Tell me, are there any investments available over there?"

The stranger was Richard D. Bass, 42, native of Dallas and graduate of Yale, one of the heirs to one of the robust oil and ranching fortunes in America. Already a large and influential investor in the Aspen Ski Corp. and Vail Associates, Bass flew to Utah to look at Ted Johnson's dream resort. The two of them donned boots and climbed the mountain, hiking every lift line and major trail that Johnson had planned. And investor Bass signed on, calling himself general partner and underwriting everything. Ted Johnson's days of bulky computers and ephemeral dreams faded for good. The Bird, as they say along Little Cottonwood Canyon, started to take off.

It wasn't an easy launching. There were no ready-made scrap parts for a ski resort lying around to be bought for \$19 a foot. In fact, what started out as a \$5 million investment rose to \$8 million, to \$10 million, then \$11.4 million, and finally shot to \$13.5 million before the opening season of 1971-72.

But the money was well planted into the landscape. Now there are more than 30 miles of ski runs in Peruvian Gulch and Gad Valley, which undulate downward in gigantic fluffy snow steps. A monster Swiss aerial tram carries 120 passengers from the base plaza at 8,100 feet to the 11,000-foot Hidden Peak in six minutes. Another four double chair lifts can move 4,800 skiers per hour. From the top, there are 36 north-facing runs, many of them 2½ miles long with roughly a 3,100-foot vertical drop. And Snowbird is not only big, but steep: 22% of the runs are for experts. Intermediate

skiers get nine and novices five, the sort of setup that makes one aspire to improve. Snowbird gets its dry powder from early November to late May—an average fall of 450.5 inches per season—and since much of it falls overnight, skiers are usually greeted by an entire morning mountainside of untouched, unbroken snow.

In an ironic way, that was part of the Snowbird problem: from the beginning Johnson was met with force and stubborn resistance by all sorts of local folk. The Wasatch Mountain Club, a band of militant conservationists, attacked Snowbird as being no more than another profiteer's rape of the wilderness, insisting that the huge increase in auto traffic to the resort would upset the ecology of the canyon, that the buildings (one of them a proposed 19-story condominium) would wreck the canyon esthetics, that the bulldozer destruction would rip up the natural habitat of countless species of wildlife. Nearly every public hearing on Snowbird facilities turned into bitter shouting matches.

One by one, Ted Johnson debated and rebutted and argued with those who opposed him. Now, at 46, his hair has turned pure white and there are deep purple circles beneath his eyes. He rarely skis anymore, but he has begun to convince people that perhaps Snowbird is neither rapist nor blatant profiteer. "Sure, the traffic rate is up in the canyon," he said, "but lots of that is in the summer, sightseers who have nothing to do with Snowbird. We're working on the idea of a monorail or a bus service up from the bottom to keep cars at a minimum. All our buildings are designed to blend with the mountains. We're even planting grass on the roofs so from on top they won't conflict with the natural environment. I've invested every tree must be preserved. Actually, it has cost us quite a few thousand extra bucks to do it, too, but I will not have this mountain all cut up for Snowbird. We want for high-rise buildings because we didn't want to create a sprawling clutter at the base of the slope. We didn't want a layer of one-story buildings stretching all over the bottom slopes like some kind of Levittown. We're keeping everything compact, unified. People are starting to believe us, but don't kid yourself—I'm going to have to fight and argue and hunch for every new building we put up. Hell, I'm going to have to

fight for every new floor on every new building we put up."

Economically, the first season was, predictably, awful—losses averaged \$20,000 a week. Dick Bass has now had to dig for at least another million out of his own pocket. And now Snowbird must keep expanding, adding new condominiums, new rooms in order to attract enough skiers to produce enough revenue to—someday, some year—get out of the red.

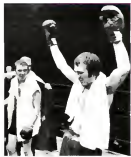
Economic success is a long way off, though Snowbird expects to start breaking even this winter. But already Snowbird is a spectacular esthetic success. The architecture is a delicate, yet rugged, combination of wood and concrete, gracefully combined in the Lodge in an attractive sweeping array of balconies and railings facing the ski slopes. The Lodge (350 beds in 160 rooms and apartments) is joined to the "Village," a remarkably tasteful single structure including the administrative offices, ski shops, two restaurants, a cafeteria, a pharmacy, discotheque, the ski school and lift-tickets sales booth, as well as a sunny, lovely plaza where people can await departures of the tram. It is a miracle of planning and unity that neatly avoids the sprawl and foolishness—to say nothing of the snarled car traffic—that ruin so many ski villages.

Apartments are being built steadily, a new 70-unit condominium opening next month. Ted Johnson and Dick Bass have laid out a series of future expansions over the mountain, eventually, perhaps, even spilling over into some of the incredible powder bowls on the other side of the Snowbird slopes.

But what of the skiing now, today? There is simply none better. The terrain of Peruvian Gulch and Gad Valley is exquisitely hair-raising—steep and straight as church steeples in some places, a snowball of moguls in others. Except for the lilted undulations of Bog Emma (named after a grand madam of Alta's nining days), there is not so much for the timid intermediate to enjoy. Yet it is hard to think of a more beautiful, more exciting, more skiable mountain than that which looms over the settlement of Snowbird.

Indeed, this place in Little Cottonwood Canyon may well prove to be, as an awed visiting Frenchman exclaimed recently, "the Louvre of the world's ski resorts."

END



The Warriors, not one of the shortest basketball teams around, logically went to the Rochester Clothing Store in San Francisco—perhaps the best-known big-men's outfitter in the West—to get new threads. To make sure that 6'11" **Nate Thurmond**, 6'7" **Rick Barry** and the like were well taken care of, owner Jerry Moskowitz personally did the fitting. Moskowitz, stretching is 5'3".

At Jacksonville's Speedway, stock-car driver **Wayne Stangari** got tangled up with **Frank Brantley** and ended up spinning off the track and out of second place. After the race he drove directly to NASCAR Chief Stewards and **Bob Smeltzer**, jumped out and asked, "Is it a \$100 fine for fighting in the pits?" Smeltzer said that was the tariff. Stangari pulled \$100 out of his pocket, stuck it in Smeltzer's hand, ran 20 yards to where Brantley had parked, and landed a solid right on his chin.

After winning \$120,000 in a sports pool, **Maggie Smith** of Manchester, England, who has spent 26 years pushing a fruit-and-vegetable cart through Market Street, was on cuss street

She entered the pool only because her husband Jim forgot to fill his coupon one week and telephoned her to do it for him. Grannis Smith, as she is known, won \$16 for an investment of pennies, then staked half of it on the jackpot. "I didn't tell James what I had done and felt horrible because it's the first secret I've kept from him in 22 years," she said.

♦ **Bobby Arthur**, looking calm considering the circumstances, is the new welterweight king of Britain. Arthur, a Coventry discotheque owner, won the title by a knockout his own Opponent John W. Strakes, who considers himself a kind of reincarnation of John L. Sullivan, knocked Arthur unconscious in the seventh round. But with Arthur still on the canvas, the referee ruled that the final blow had landed illegally on the break. As Arthur came to, he grgggled learned that he was the new champ. It must be some kind of record.

**Dave Butz**, Purdue's enormous defensive tackle, did his best to help out his uncle, Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz (who resigned with the rest of President Nixon's Cabinet last week), and any number of nameless farmers.

"Those head-on collisions make me hungry," the 279-pound, 6'7" Butz says. "I go on these binges where I can't get enough to eat. I go to a smorgasbord and make up for all the little old ladies who sit there." Perhaps his most memorable meal was one laid on by his high school track coach in Park Ridge Ill. who had promised him unlimited eats if he won the Illinois discus championship. Butz did—setting a state record of 180'4", then sat down to a repast featuring a steak as big as had to be cooked in two skillets, a huge heap of onion rings, countless rolls, four sandwiches and seven soft drinks. "I even had

the nerve to ask for pie," Butz admits, "but the coach thought I'd had enough." Since he usually skips breakfast, however, and has only a couple of sandwiches for lunch, he insists that "On the whole my little sisters probably eat more than I do."

**Wayne Limbo** is not somebody lost in the shuffle. He is a very good quarterback for Middle Tennessee State University, which is a strong contender for the Ohio Valley Conference championship.

**Ben Davidson**, the Oakland Raider who invented the mystache long before Charles O. Finley did, was left with his mouth wide open recently. An ad agency asked him to do a commercial for a new toothpaste that is supposed to brighten both teeth and dentures, the assumption being that Davidson, like most footballers, was missing a few. Honest Ben admitted that he had all 32 teeth, clean, white and original. "But when I heard the deal was in five figures, I was tempted to ask my dentist to pull a few," he said.

♦ Apparently all that lives: Dallas Cowen, linebacker **Dave Edwards** weeps on the football field is hereditary. Edwards' sons

Chris, age three, and Mike, two, are already double-teaming Earl Edwards. "Mike covered his entire body and his hair with diaper-rash ointment," she says. "He looked like Casper The Ghost, completely white. I rubbed him with a towel and it just didn't come off. The stuff had conditioner oil in it and was waterproof. Horrible. And not the other day Chris sprayed our motorcycles gold all over. Two expensive motorcycles on a trailer. They're always doing rotten things. I've found the safest thing is to send them outside and lock the door."

Suffering through a dismal 2-6-1 season, the Philadelphia Eagles have just now got an idea how bad they really might be. First-while fan **Alexander S. Rubin Jr.**, on behalf of himself, **Harold Bacon**, **Joseph Bertram Boyer Vench** "and 40,000 other fans" is suing the Eagles for gross nonperformance. Their son describes the Eagles as "incompetent, amateurish, lacking in effort and far below the level of a professional football performance expected of a National Football League team." On this ground, they charge breach of contract and demand a refund for their season tickets.



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## Out of the sheath and into the showcase

**There is an extraordinary boom in custom-made hunting knives—largely created by buyers who will never bloody a blade. Although serious hunters are well served, most of the new beauties go to collectors**

Few objects in man's experience have been at once so useful and, in their finest manifestations, so beautiful as the knife. The sport of hunting alone has produced a staggering number and variety. Hunting having long since receded as a necessity to sustain human life, one might imagine that the knifemaker's craft had suffered a corresponding recession. The contrary is true. Never have so many hunters—doers and dreamers alike—spent so much as they are spending now on sporting blades that will never be bloodied. They are buying design, craftsmanship and proportion.

There are approximately 100 custom craftsmen in the U.S. lovingly creating art objects like those at the left. D. E. Henry of Mountain Ranch, Calif., who produces just 50 knives each year, says, "I don't make hunting knives, I make collector's items, and I have a two-year backlog of orders."

The bowie knife, that beau blade of the frontier, is obsolete both for hunting and fighting but is in heavy demand by collectors. The one that is the centerpiece of the photograph costs \$300. Its huge blade—11" by 2¼"—and handsome appearances were crafted in Yuma, Ariz. by Dan Dennehy. His variation on the bowie theme boasts an ivory handle inlaid with turquoise, and brass-work hand-peened to Dennehy's exacting taste.

Two of the three knives to the right of the bowie are also meant not for the field but for the showcase. That specimen with the wolf-paw handle is a Black-foot Day, a type favored by 19th century mountain men of the fur trade. An original would be a rare and valuable

find. This copy by Walter Kneubuhler of Pioneer, Ohio costs \$100. The intricately engraved, ivory-handled folding knife by H. H. Frank of Amherst, Ohio has a \$425 price tag, but one can have fine lines for a modest sum, too. Consider the hoot knife by John Cooper of Burbank, Calif. at the bottom of the page. Its price is only \$42, and it is said to find its way into a few FBI boots, among others.

Most of the custom men make working knives as well as ornamental ones—the three skinning blades to the left of the bowie are outstanding examples—but there undoubtedly are more collectors than serious hunters among their customers. Even so, Cooper's notch-bladed "Shawnee" skinner will set you back only \$45; Dennehy's starkly simple, Eskimo-inspired "Ooloo" model is \$50; the finger-grooved "Palmetto" skinner by Bob Dozier of Springdale, Ark. \$145.

Not surprisingly, no one has yet been able to execute a perfect hunting knife, but most sportsmen have gravitated to a blade of approximately four inches with enough curve for skinning and enough point for eaping. The latter is the art of skinning out the head of a trophy animal for taxidermy. I reeling the skin properly from the bases of the horns and from the areas of the eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth is highly skilled work, making all the difference between a fine mounted head and a horror show. The knife handle should be of material resistant to blood and moisture and should be a perfect fit in the hand.

Like their products, the knifemakers are keenly individualistic. The Knife-

makers Guild was not organized until 1970, and then only after 15 years of infighting. About half the custom men, disdaining the guild, still go their separate ways. Bob Loveless, who made his first blade from a leaf spring of a '38 Packard abandoned on a junk heap, was the founding secretary. "It's a cut-throat business," he says.

Bo Randall of Orlando, Fla., is the grand old man of the custom trade—although he looks more like a suave movie lawyer than a grand old man of anything. Recently New York's Museum of Modern Art put a Randall-made knife into its design collection, along with the Tiffany lamp and the Breuer chair.

If there is a knife capital of the U.S. it is Springdale, Ark., where several knifemakers work in comparative harmony, thanks to the efforts of A. G. Russell, honorary president of the Knifemakers Guild. Russell says there were only seven U.S. knifemakers with anything like a national reputation when he first went into business in Springdale in 1968 selling blades and novacutite—the Arkansas sharpening stone.

"The collectors have opened up the market," says Russell. "Every American kid has always carried a pocketknife. Now, thanks to the collectors, we have a \$425 pocketknife." Loveless isn't so pleased. To him knives are pure working tools, on which decoration is desecration. "The emphasis must always be on function," he says. "I strive to eliminate embellishment. When I make a knife, it is an extension of my experience. But few are purchased by the good hunters. Knives have become toys for rich men."

ENO

## Always leave 'em laughing

The pursuit of victory by America's football coaches produced a triumph for martyred causes last Saturday. Turning a season's adversity to their own advantage, Duffy Dougherty, Tom Harper and Al Conover inspired their teams to unlikely victories on an afternoon with more than its share of upsets.

Two weeks ago, when Dougherty announced his retirement, his aroused Spartans went out and dumped Purdue 22-12. Last Saturday they did it again, upsetting Ohio State 19-12. Maybe Duffy should have let them know in August. Wake Forest ended its string of seven losses with a 9-7 win over Duke after the news leaked out that Harper had been fired. And Rice followed a pregame soul-letting by Conover with its first victory in six games, 23-20 over Arkansas. To put his boys in the proper spirit, Conover hurled a chair through the dressing-room window.

The nation's other unexpected results seemed tame by comparison. So what if Iowa State tied Nebraska 23-23 or Washington stunned UCLA 30-21? What, other than the usual week of practice and strategy sessions, did their coaches do? They didn't quit. They weren't fired. No chairs through the windows. Come on, you guys, get with it.

### THE WEEK

#### EAST

1. PENN STATE (8-1)
2. DELAWARE (9-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (7-3)

Penn State, facing its toughest opponent since losing its opener to Tennessee, blasted North Carolina State 37-22. The Wolfpack came in with five straight victories, but let the game get away early. Penn State gained 315 yards in the first half and took a 23-0 lead while holding the visitors to 53 yards. Quarterback John Hufnagel scored

two touchdowns and passed to John Cappelletti for another. Cappelletti also rushed for 129 yards on 22 carries, the fifth time he has topped 100.

N.C. State failed to score until the fourth period, when Quarterback Bruce Shaw threw passes of eight and 98 yards to Pat Kenney. "Penn State can play with Nebraska or any other team in the country," said Wolfpack Coach Lou Holtz. That's nice of Lou to say, but it should be pointed out that he has been no farther west than Athens, Ga. this year.

Syracuse, desperately trying to avoid its first losing season under Ben Schwartzwalder since 1949, overpowered Army 27-6. The Orange were able to limit their turnovers to one interception, giving life to an offense that had been shut out two of the previous three weeks. Marty Januszkiewicz showed the way by gaining 127 yards while the defense held Army to 36 on the ground and 10 completions in 28 attempts for 134 yards in the air. Navy, the only service academy team to post a victory, ran over poor Pittsburgh 28-13. Sophomore Cleveland Cooper provided the power, rushing for 158 yards, while Dan Howard got the glory by scoring three times.

West Virginia, closing out its unbeaten 11-game series with Virginia Military, cloistered the Keydets 50-24. Bernie Gallifa passed for 194 yards and became the first Mountaineer quarterback to total 2,000 yards in a season. The easy win also featured the all-purpose running of sophomore Danny Buggs, who scored on a 52-yard punt return, a 55-yard flanker reverse and a 32-yard pass reception.

Delaware showed unusual air power in a 62-0 slaughter of Maine. The Blue Hens passed for four touchdowns and gained 203 of their 426 offensive yards with the throwing of three different quarterbacks. Maine couldn't even kick with success. Two center snaps sailed over the head of punter Mike Porter, who dropped a third, while a fourth attempt was blocked. Villanova ended a six-game losing streak by picking on Xavier 40-13, and Rutgers bombed Boston University 51-7 after trailing 7-3 entering the second quarter.

The Ivy League scramble may resolve itself with Dartmouth finishing where it often does—on top. The Big Green moved back into the lead by crushing Columbia 38-8

while Penn State was upsetting Yale 48-30. The first of five Columbia fumbles opened the way for Dartmouth, which passed consistently against the third-ranking air defense in the country. Steve Steenson completed 16 of 24 passes for 186 yards and one touchdown. Penn's fourth straight win secured its first sweep of Harvard, Princeton and Yale in 31 years. The Quakers, guided by Marc Mandel, their third starting quarterback in three weeks, led 41-0 before the Elis scored. A 37-yard field goal by John Bariges with 5:17 remaining gave Princeton a 10-7 win over Harvard, whose complicated, multi-formation offense gained only 162 yards. Mark Allen passed for four touchdowns in the second period as Cornell steamrolled Brown 48-28. The Bruins also passed well as Chip Regnier tied an Ivy League record with 12 receptions, two for touchdowns.

#### SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (9-0)
2. LSU (7-1)
3. AUBURN (7-1)

This was Tom Harper's first season as head coach at Wake Forest, and it will be his last. When the team learned he had been fired after one win and seven losses, it rose up to beat Duke 9-7. Said Harper, a former assistant who took over only 10 months ago, "Winning one like this makes it all worthwhile. I knew it was coming. I love these kids. I wish I could come back and play with them." Duke's Steve Jones gained 201 yards on 37 rushes, but Wake Forest won on a late touchdown by Ken Garrett after numerous earlier opportunities had been wasted.

The Blue Devils' loss gave the Atlantic Coast Conference championship to North Carolina, which defeated Virginia 23-3. The Tar Heels, 7-1 and unbeaten in 14 consecutive league games, overcame five fumbles to win. Quarterback Nick Vidnovic completed only four of his 10 passes, but two went for touchdowns, and he scored a third himself. Maryland was assured of its first non-losing season in eight years by beating Clemson 31-6. The Terrapins led only 10-6 entering the fourth quarter, but two turnovers and a punt return let them break the game open.

Offensive errors also plagued Florida in a 10-7 loss to Georgia. The Bulldogs came from behind in the fourth quarter on a 44-yard pass from Andy Johnson to Rex Puntall and a 37-yard field goal by Kim Braxwell with 50 seconds left. An interception by But Rosenberg set up the first score and a fumble recovery at Florida's 30 led to the second. Kentucky freshman Sonny Collins



was the whole show in a fourth-quarter drive that beat Vanderbilt 14-13. He ran for 42 of the 83 yards, scored the touchdown and added the decisive two-point conversion.

Florida State, with more runs and braves than Our Lads of Mercy, held on to defeat Tulsa 23-21. Gary Huff passed for all three Seminole touchdowns, but it was the running of Mike Davison, who gained 155 yards in 23 carries, that maintained the ball control attack. Tulsa took advantage of its infrequent possessions in the second half to score on two long pass plays. Virginia Tech shellied South Carolina 45-20 as Don Strick completed 29 of 44 attempts for 349 yards. The Gamecocks had shown good pass defense during the season, but Strick was quick to remind that "They hadn't played anybody who throws like we do. There was no point intimidating them, even though we could have poured it out."

East Carolina won its first outright Southern Conference championship with a 21-15 victory over William and Mary. Carleton Crumpler scored three touchdowns for the Pirates, who are 8-1. Georgia Tech crushed Boston College 42-10 to continue its inconsistent form and Mike Waller tossed three scoring passes in Tulsa's 44-6 victory over Ohio. Morris LaGrand provided the game's only touchdown with an 18-yard scamper as Tampa defeated Miami 7-0. The Hurricanes fumbled twice inside Tampa's 10.

## WEST

1. USC (9-0)
2. WASHINGTON (8-2)
3. UCLA (8-2)

UCLA's Pacific Eight showdown with Southern California lost some luster as Sonny Sivkille returned to the Washington attack and sparked a 30-21 victory over the Bruins. UCLA seemed to have overcome a 14-year-old Seattle famine with touchdowns in its first two possessions, but Sivkille was in excellent form despite a three-week injury absence. He threw a 72-yard pass to Tom Scott in the Huskies' first series and set up four other scores by Fullback Pete Taggares. For the day, Sivkille hit nine of 22 for 212 yards. Washington State also notched a surprising victory that assured the Cougars their first winning season in seven years, trouncing Stanford 27-14 as Ken Grandberry gained 149 yards. Oregon's two Pacific Eight teams won their games, also. Oregon State turned back California 26-23 to end a five-game slide and Oregon came alive after a scoreless first half to club San Jose State 27-2. Duck Quarterback Dan Fouts passed for two touchdowns.

Noire Dame's 21-7 defeat of Air Force

*continued*



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was its 15th straight against a service academy team. Ara Parseghian thought the referees' whistles kept the game close, noting that four long Irish pass plays were nullified by penalties. "It was almost as if the officials were the important people, and the two teams were unimportant," said Ara. Arizona State, which already was leading the nation in total offense with 491 yards per game, amassed an impressive 574 in a 60-7 romp over New Mexico. Woody Green did most of the legwork with 116 yards and two touchdowns. Utah State won its fourth without a loss against Western Athletic Conference competition, and the victim this week was league leader Utah. Aggie Quarterback Tony Adams was the whole show in the 44-16 victory, completing 30 of 43 passes for 561 yards and five touchdowns. Craig Clark caught eight for 224 yards and three scores. "They ran so many different patterns and Adams was so on target, we were dizzy," said Utah Defensive Back John Frech.

## SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (7-1)
2. TEXAS TECH (7-2)
3. HOUSTON (4-4-1)

A Wishbone offense that does not run outside really isn't a Wishbone. And one that cannot produce inside, either, really isn't an offense. That was pretty much Texas' situation through three quarters against Baylor. Then the Longhorns began to block in earnest with the addition of a new tight end and the return of Tackle Jerry Sisemore after a second-period injury. "The holes finally came, and I was just running where I wanted to," said Fullback Roosevelt Leaks, whose two touchdowns broke a 3-3 deadlock and produced a 17-3 victory. Leaks gained 97 of his 162 yards in the two scoring drives. Afterward Baylor Coach Grant Taffel called the sophomore "the best fullback I've ever seen."

TCU, led into battle by a converted safety, overwhelmed Texas Tech 31-7. The newcomer was Terry Drennon, who went right to work at quarterback by taking the Horned Frogs to a touchdown the first time they had the ball. The defense, meanwhile, dropped Tech's Joe Barnes eight times for 67 yards in losses and a safety. "They're bigger than we are," said Raider Coach Jim Carlen of the upset, "and that's what I was afraid of all week."

Rice defeated Arkansas 21-20 when freshman Roland Boyce ended a penalty-aided drive by plunging in from the one in the last second. It was enough to bring Coach Al Conover onto the field, somersaulting Boyce, who netted only four yards in five

carries, scored earlier in another goal-line appearance. The Dols' other points came from Mark Williams, who kicked three field goals. Arkansas experimented with a Wishbone formation, but Coach Frank Beyles probably wishes he hadn't. The Razorbacks did not move the ball beyond their 20 in the fourth quarter.

Southern Methodist lost to Texas A&M 27-17 after fighting back to a tie with two touchdowns and a field goal. Part of the trouble in the Mustangs' third straight loss was the secondary, which confused signals at an inopportune moment. On a play when Robert Popelka was calling for "sky" coverage, Kris Silverthorn was thinking "cloud." Both men rushed, and the Aggies completed a long pass that set up the field goal that put them in control again. So much for codes. A&M used nine freshmen in its second consecutive conference victory, and two of them, Skip Walker and Ronnie Hubbs, scored the touchdowns.

Most of the excitement in Houston's 48-13 defeat of Colorado State was crammed into the final six minutes of the first half when the teams scored four touchdowns. Three of them were by the Cougars, which is how it's been all year for the winless Rams. First blood in the spree came on a D. C. Nobles pass, one of four touchdowns he accounted for in the game. Moments later Houston Cornerback Robert Giblin headed for the end zone on an intercepted pass. Then the Rams' Johnny Square went the other way with the following kickoff. Before the half ended, D. C. ran another in from the six.

## MIDWEST

1. MICHIGAN (9-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (7-1)
3. NEBRASKA (7-1-1)

Duffy Daugherty credits his "little Dutch treat" for Michigan State's 19-12 win over Ohio State. Dirk Kryn, a 165-pound transfer student from The Netherlands, kicked four field goals in his varsity debut. "They had a tryout, and they hired me right away," said Dirk, whose first-half footwork gave the Spartans a 12-12 tie. The deciding points came on a determined six-yard run by Mark Niesen following one of five Ohio State turnovers. The Michigan State defense held the Buckeyes to only 107 yards rushing. "We took a real good whipping from them, and we deserved it," said Woody Hayes. Daugherty, meanwhile, told Athletic Director Burt Smith, "I hope you can get a new coach as good as me."

Following Ohio State's loss and its own 31-0 victory over Iowa, Michigan had the

Big Ten lead to itself. "This Michigan team is better than the one that beat us 63-7 last year," said the Hawkeyes' Frank Lautner. Three scoring bursts by Dits Armstrong—on a kickoff return and two running plays—propelled Purdue past Wisconsin 27-6. Armstrong gained 169 yards in 19 carries. George Urenovich got three touchdowns the same way as Illinois smothered Indiana 37-20, while teammate Lonnie Perrin was even more versatile, totaling 273 yards running, receiving and passing. Minnesota pounded Northwestern with 478 offensive yards, all on the ground, in a 35-29 win. John King gained 188 and Doug Beaudoin 157.

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE BACK:** Tony Adams of Utah State, the nation's third leading passer, broke the NCAA single-game record with 561 yards at the mat of Utah. In his last two games he has completed 62 of 90 for 967 yards and 10 touchdowns.

**THE LINEMAN:** Defensive End Mers Krakau made seven unassisted tackles, threw the quarterback for losses three times, forced two fumbles, recovered two others and batted down three passes as Iowa State tied Nebraska 23-23.

Iowa State came within an extra point of defeating Nebraska, but had to settle for a 23-23 tie when Tom Goedgen's kick went awry. The Cyclones scored what appeared to be the winner with 23 seconds left after four George Aramond passes took them 74 yards in 35 seconds. With the touchdown, a 24-yarder to Willie Jones, came bedlam. Spectators flooded onto the field, and it took contingents of campus, city and state police to clear them off. "It was tough on Tom," said Aramond. "All he could do was stand there for two or three minutes and look at the goalposts, knowing the game depended on him." Aramond guided Iowa State to the biggest output of the year against the Cornhuskers, 358 yards. None of this set too well with Nebraska's Bob Devaney. "I've never been so disgusted with a team," he said of the bumbling that led to eight turnovers.

Oklahoma's Greg Pruitt had his biggest day with 195 yards on 27 carries in a 17-6 conquest of Missouri. The Tigers became only the second team to score a touchdown against the Sooners, although it was set up by an interception return to the D.U. 11. Colorado led Kansas only 9-0 at the half on three of Fred Lima's four field goals, but two touchdowns 18 seconds apart in the third quarter sent the Buffaloes on the way to 33-8 victory. Oklahoma State's defense scored three touchdowns in a 45-14 win over Kansas State.

END



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## The middleweight title was just out of his reach

**T**ime in the last couple of months Carlos Monzon, middleweight boxing champion of the world, has made pilgrimages to shrines in his native Argentina. First he drove from his hometown of Santa Fe, 240 miles north of Buenos Aires, far to the west into the rough, hilly country of the province of San Juan. Arriving at the village of Difunta Correa after 11 hours of traveling at maniacal speed over bad roads, Monzon laid the trunks he had worn while knocking out Tom Bogs in Copenhagen in August among the orthopedic devices and wedding dresses at the shrine of Correa, a local religious hero famed for her miraculous cures.

Last month Monzon drove for 10 hours south from Santa Fe down into the province of Rio Negro. This time he was headed for the shrine of Ceferino Namuncura, who is called "The Lily of Patagonia." Cabdrivers carry pictures of Namuncura in their wallets, and maids have him above their beds. The son of an Indian, Namuncura was educated by priests and died young and pure. At his shrine Monzon left the shoes he had worn while knocking out Jean-Claude Bouttier last June in Paris.

Monzon wants to keep his championship for at least two or three more fights while he shoves as much money into the bank as he can put his hands on. But his hands have been threatening him. Not only has Monzon developed a form of arthritis in his right hand, but last week he had to defend the title against one of the toughest middleweights ever, Bennie Briscoe of Philadelphia, a man who behaves as though a fist in his face is a draught of oxygen.

Monzon's right hand is the instrument that had knocked out six consecutive championship opponents. Before the 30-year-old Monzon's second fight with Nino Benvenuti, a year and a half ago in Monte Carlo, the hand was hurting enough to require an injection of no-

**Philadelphia's tough little Bennie Briscoe captured Argentine hearts but could not catch Carlos Monzon**

vocain. Benvenuti was finished on his knees in the third round, but Monzon's hand became infected from a dirty needle. With more novocain, he knocked out Emile Griffith in September and then presented the right hand to Dr. Juan Carlos Abraham, a specialist in Santa Fe, who cleaned out a deep abscess. Still, Monzon was in pain and wore heavy bandages on the hand when he trained. He had fought Briscoe to a draw five years ago and knew the Philadelphia's uneasy resource for taking a punch and coming right on in.

Briscoe is so well regarded as a fighter that for all but three of his last 12 bouts he has had to accept the short end of the purse, and he won 11 of those by knockouts. The other he lost in a split decision to Luis Vinales in Scranton, Pa. When that happened, people around him knew there was something wrong. "It's like you're a big ape fighting in the jungle and all of a sudden a little ape beats you," says Arnold Weiss, a certified public accountant who is Briscoe's co-manager. "You want to know why, Briscoe don't know from taking it easy, but his arms were dead. We had a fight on Monday but took him to a doctor on Saturday and found out he had hepatitis, April to August Bennie was sick. Two months in the hospital got out and fought Vinales again in October and knocked him out."

While in the hospital the 5-foot 8-inch Briscoe grew in the wrong places. A 195-pound middleweight is in trouble. So Briscoe went on a diet of high-protein foods, downed a lot of wheat germ oil and ran six miles a day. By the time he was sitting on the bed in his hotel room in Buenos Aires, he was a solid

154. The hotel was a long way, except in distance, from the best in town (Briscoe's side stood to make \$15,000 from the gate, while the Monzon people would collect more than \$100,000). Briscoe was watching Argentine television. Did he understand Spanish? "No, man," he said, "but I've already seen most of these shows at home and I know what the ears are doing."

The Muzak was also playing. Briscoe loves music. At his house in North Philadelphia he has a stereo and listens, his handlers say, to classical music much of the time. He is a strong and complex man. He has a full-time job with the city of Philadelphia in road maintenance and the arrangement is that Weiss, the CPA, puts all of Briscoe's boxing income into the bank or in investments. Much of the Argentine press had pictured Briscoe as fierce and unspeaking—his shaven head and scowling face appeared on the cover of a leading magazine, accompanied by menacing statements—but he is about as amiable as anybody could expect a championship-class fighter to be, without being dishonest.

"What Bennie's got to do is jump right in Monzon's chest," said his trainer, Quenrell McCall. "You know, we offered Monzon \$100,000 plus a TV deal to fight us in Philadelphia, and he wouldn't do it. That's because Monzon is taken care of so well down here. Bennie's got to knock him out or beat him up real bad to win this fight." Briscoe nodded. "It's like if you come in my backyard to wage war, I got my brothers and sisters handy if it starts looking risky," he said.

A little later, at the gym in Luna Park—the Argentine Madison Square Garden—Briscoe was crunched in the corner of a dressing room that would not accommodate a somersault by a dwarf but was nevertheless nicer than the place where he trains in Philadelphia. "Listen, Bennie, I'm 5 feet 6 and I don't

—continued

touch the ceiling. "You stand up," said McCall. Briscoe stood and barely brushed the ceiling. "You're taller than they say, man, don't worry about it," said McCall, referring to Monzon's advantage of nearly five inches in height and three in reach.

Somehow Monzon has never become the hero in Buenos Aires that he is in the provinces. (The crowd for the fight was about 7,000 less than the 22,000 capacity.) But Monzon is doubtless a name in Europe, where he won his championship, and the Briscoe fight was shown

shots so they know what hell is like," he said later. Monzon's entourage had moved into three suites at the Sheraton Hotel, where they passed the evenings playing cards and one thing and another. Other than his hand and the specter of Briscoe, Monzon was worried about a court case charging him with assault on a free-lance photographer. It happened five years ago in Santa Fe. Monzon appealed but was found guilty, and under Argentine law could be stuck in jail while the court decides his sentence.



STUNNED BY A RIGHT IN THE NINTH ROUND, MONZON WEATHERS A BRISCOE FLURRY

on Eurovision, causing it to begin in Argentina at the unusual hour of 6:15 p.m. Briscoe was the one who seemed to attract fans in Buenos Aires. When about 200 of them mobbed his car, J. Russell Peltz, his other co-owner, offered to calm them by handing out wallet-size photos of their favorite. "They nearly tore me apart," said Peltz. "I finally threw the cards on the ground and ran."

Monzon had spent the week before the fight in a fairly dodgy humor. He told a Buenos Aires magazine three of the things he hated worst were reporters, photographers and questions about his hand. "If the press complains about me, they ought to be in my

On the day and night before the weigh-in, Monzon dropped from 161 pounds to 157½ by not eating or drinking, but when he came into the ring he was grinning and blowing kisses, in contrast to Briscoe. Before the fight Briscoe had been saying, "I been fighting this out in my bed every night. It's never out of my mind, who'll celebrate Saturday. Gotta be me, Lawdy, gotta be me." Briscoe's gleaming head tossed off sweat like a garden sprinkler as he bounded in his corner. It has been shaved that way since he was 16, as were the heads of his nine brothers.

The fight began with the styles that had been expected. Although Briscoe had

said, "Any plan blows up in your face, man. You got to go out there and do it," there was only one thing he could do—attempt to get inside Monzon's superior reach. He had to accept two or three punches to the head to plant one on Monzon's kidneys. In the second round Briscoe was warned twice about low punches by Referee Victor Aven-dane, a 1928 Olympic boxing gold medalist who works mostly for Luna Park Owner Juan Carlos Lectoure. But Briscoe continued to attack Monzon's kidneys while Monzon would vary his retreating, counterpunching technique by standing occasionally like a sharpshooter and firing at Briscoe's head.

By the ninth round Monzon was well ahead on points but had not been able to slow down Briscoe, who never once sat between rounds and never swallowed a drink of water. In the ninth Briscoe hit Monzon a right to the jaw that made the champion hold on and cast a desperate eye at the clock. Briscoe tried to push Monzon off him to get room to swing some more, but the referee moved in quickly and parted the fighters widely. With that help, Monzon made it through the final 20 seconds.

In the 10th Monzon opened a cut in Briscoe's right eyelid and hit him with enough punches to have floored everybody in Dotie's Truck Stop, but Briscoe kept moving on. After the round Milton Bailey, Briscoe's cut man, was busy trying to retrieve his cut medicine, which had been snatched away by some ring official. It was several rounds before Bailey recovered the medicine. Now Briscoe was sometimes backed off by Monzon. But Briscoe always returned, and in the 14th round he staggered Monzon again with a right.

Then Monzon did a great thing. Instead of laying back in the final round to protect his lead, he went at Briscoe as if it were Monzon who needed the late knockout to win. When the last bell rang, they were still trying to lay each other out, and nobody was sure that one of them might not do it.

The true difference between the two fighters was Monzon's longer arms. Briscoe could never stay inside long enough to accomplish his mischief. It was a courageous fight by Briscoe, but Monzon clearly won. Briscoe did not feel embarrassed. "I came out of the ring with the proper sense I went in with, so I feel good. Monzon is no bum," he said.

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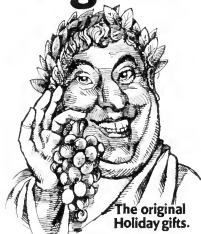
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BOXING

Later at dinner in their hotel, Quenzell McCall said he figured Briscoe must be pretty tough. "When I told him it was the 15th round coming up, he could hardly believe me. No telling how long Benne could have fought." Seated calmly across the table after what had seemed a terrible pounding, Briscoe appeared to have no mark other than a tiny bandage on his right eyelid. He must have had a headache, but he did not show it. "I'm not proud of myself that I lost, but I'm proud that he didn't put me down like he did those other guys. And I fought for the world championship. Now that's something not everybody can do, and I might do it again," he said.

Monzon had left Luna Park and gone with his usual tribe of dozers to a bright, loud Italian restaurant. His wife Mercedes said she had never suffered so much at a fight, and Monzon agreed that he had been very close to falling in the ninth round. "What saved me first was I was against the ropes and couldn't go down," he said. "My body was just about out of control, but my mind was O.K. I looked up at the clock, watching the seconds and telling myself, boy, this is going to be terrible."

There was a slight swelling over Monzon's right eye, and his right hand was very swollen, especially the little finger. "My arms were so tired," he said. "I had to keep moving back and moving my arms all night. It was the hardest fight I ever had."

Afterward Monzon got a telephone call from General Lunusse, president of Argentina, and was hugged by the governor of Santa Fe Province, which would not seem to hurt his chances in court. J. Russell Peltz stopped by to offer Monzon \$150,000, plus South American television rights, to fight Briscoe in Philadelphia. "But that's crazy," said Amilcar Brusa, Monzon's manager. "Taxes in the United States, they cut your throat." He had also just been offered \$100,000, tax-free, by Teddy Brenner to fight Rodrigo Valdes in Madison Square Garden, but Brusa is not eager to bring Monzon to the United States.

For the 29-year-old Briscoe, however, it's back to work at the city of Philadelphia, and back to looking for fights with people who would just as soon avoid him. "If we could get a shot at Monzon in the United States, I know I could beat him," Briscoe said. "But I don't think he'll want to risk it."



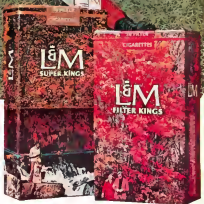
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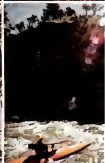
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## Getting old or just fashionably late?

First favored this season, then all but written off as too long in the tooth, the veteran Vikings hung on like a common cold Sunday to beat Detroit, and now they are back in the thick of the Central Division race

Just when it appeared that sanity, sweet reason and the natural order of things would be excluded from the National Football League this season, the Minnesota Vikings returned to the role of contender last Sunday with the kind of performance that bodes well for the mental health of the guy who sets the point spreads. The Vikings managed this feat by beating their favorite old passers, the Detroit Lions, 16-14 when, on the last play of the game, a Lion field-goal attempt crunched off the frenned countenance of Cornerback Bobby Bryant.

The Vikings, of course, were expected to clench the rough, tough old Confusion Division title long before the home folks had to start wearing their mackinaws to the games. The way it has worked though is that the Vikings have been

saved from an early autumn disaster only because the league is kind enough to give them Detroit to kick around twice each year. After Bryant slipped around the Lions' line to meet Ferrol Mann's 33-yard field-goal attempt with his knee, it meant 10 straight times that the Vikings have whipped Detroit. It also meant that Minnesota has now won three straight games and caught the Lions at 5-4 in the division race, just a game behind Green Bay.

Of course, nothing, not even Detroit, seems to come easy to the Vikings this year. Oscar Reed, who ran for 124 yards, fumbled once on the Lions' four-yard line, rookie Ed Marinaro topped that by twice losing the ball, and Gene Washington outdid that by dropping two touchdown passes. Still, the Vikings would have had a comfortable lead well

into the third quarter if their schewed defense had not suddenly yielded two touchdown passes from Greg Landry to Larry Walton to make it 14-10.

Later, down 14-13, what finally happened was a couple of the kind of enemy mistakes that Minnesota made its NFL living on for the past three seasons. First, Charlie Sanders fumbled. Roy Winston recovered and Fred Cox, who is a newly licensed chiropractor, kicked a 23-yard field goal, his third of the day. Then, in the final frenetic seconds, Bryant was able to block the field goal and Minnesota had been written back into the script of this particular championship season.

"This really does throw us back in it," exclaimed Fran Tarkenton, whose 121 passing yards pushed him over the 30,000-yard career mark, statistical territory earlier invaded by only three other quarterbacks.

"Ah," smiled John Gillingham, Tarkenton's fine new wide receiver, "it's more fun like this, instead of just being out in front all the way, like everyone figured we would be."

In fact, if the Vikings had lost to the Lions they would have been out of it more surely than Pete Rozelle or the TV commercial bathroom break. Minnesota fans were loath to accept the Vikings' early-season performance as anything rational, even with the proverbial given team of any given Sunday again giving fits to any other.

The Vikings, after all, possessed the league's finest defense and they became the consensus Super Bowl choice as soon as Tarkenton returned from his five-year sabbatical in New York, guaranteed to juke up the attack. In the preceding three years, when Minnesota went 35-7,



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winning a division title every season, the niggling flaw had become the offense, which scored points more after the fashion of field hockey than football. Last year, for example, the Vikes' highest single-game total was 29 points (against the Lions, of course), and they exceeded 20 points only five times in 15 games. From Joe Kapp & Co. in 1969 (which lost the Super Bowl), Minnesota's season scoring total had diminished from 379 to 245 last year—a trend that Tarkenton and narrower hash marks have indeed reversed. Coming into Sunday's game, Minnesota was 58 points ahead of its 1971 eight-game total, and had even broken 30 in two games.

So with the super, non-resilient defense and with Tarkenton's task eased by the astute trade that brought Gilliam and draft choices to the club for Gary Cuozzo, the fans' great expectations seemed nothing more than logical. They also were nothing less than outraged when the Vikings proceeded to lose four of their first six games by a total of 10 points. To make things all

the more galling, Minnesota lost in the same vexing ways that its rivals used to. Where once the Vikings had muscled, cowed and manhandled their opposition into critical mistakes, Minnesota this time was too often the bumbling victim.

Against Washington, Minnesota suffered a blocked punt and lost a fumble inside the 20-yard line—two gaffes that accounted for two Redskins touchdowns and a 24-21 defeat. Against Miami, Tarkenton uncouthly threw three interceptions (he has but six for the season) and the defense leaked a touchdown pass in the last 90 seconds to let Miami win 16-14. One week later Cuozzo socked it to his old mates in the same way, with a late touchdown pass that gave St. Louis, of all teams, a 19-17 upset. Cox personally bore the onus for two of the defeats when he missed easy field goals in the closing seconds.

All of this accounted for considerable antsyism among the baffled Minnesota folk who planned to leave their native tundra for Los Angeles in mid-Jan-

uary, and suddenly for every Super Bowl reservation there was now a what's-really-wrong reason. Coach Bud Grant, however, buys no suggestion that the Vikings of '72 are playing any worse or without the stellar fire of happier seasons.

"Nothing's been the matter," he said in his office last week. "It's only a problem if you lose by three or four touchdowns, not by 10 total points. Over the years we've been involved in a lot of close games and we've won most of them—so much so that they call us a bunch of lucky S.O.B.s. Detroit has done that especially. This year we've been in five extremely close games and lost four of them. If you're going to win you have to have good fortune along with everything else."

Outside critics have found more substantial deficiencies, however. The most common rap is that age has caught up with the vaunted defensive line of Carl Eller, Gary Larsen, Alan Page and Jim Marshall—the notorious "purple people eaters." Evidence for this

# Salem refreshes



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charge is that Minnesota had nailed opposing quarterbacks but seven times and that the team had allowed 121 points through its first eight games this season as compared to 72 points a year ago. Someone also said, presumably seriously, that the Vikings were plagued by "over-experience."

"Everyone looks for a reason," Grant sighed, "a profound reason, and there is none. I think if you took all the statistics, we may even be playing better defense this season than we ever have before. We're No. 1 in defense in the conference so I don't know how we could be any better."

"We're also playing teams with very mobile quarterbacks," he said. "We play Landry twice, Douglass twice, Hunter—who can be a runner if he has to—twice and we've played Manning. We get Bradshaw in a couple more weeks. You go in on these active quarterbacks and they're going to get out of the pocket and move around. People wonder why we don't get to the quarterback more. In our division, the quarterback would

just as soon run as throw anyhow; consequently, you're not going to catch them as often."

For the record, the famous front four now ages in at a 31-year average and Marshall, the granddaddy of the bunch at 34, denies that the group has lost any of the old lust for burying quarterbacks. "I never thought we lost anything," he said after a defensive team meeting Friday. "It's just that we haven't won the close ones. Back when we were winning the close ones, it was a tight situation but nobody thought we were in trouble."

If the Viking losses demand simple explanation, the best one would seem to be the balance of mediocrity which now prevails throughout the NFL. The effects of six common drafts have worked to bring almost every team down to a lower level and make consistency a sometime thing. It is quite possible that the Vikings' NFC Central Division, along with one or two others, may crown a champion with an 8-6 record.

Even with a difficult schedule still

ahead—Los Angeles and Pittsburgh on the road next—that kind of limited success remained in view for the Vikings, so that they could stay in jovial spirits last week despite their record and weather even more wretched. The Twin Cities' sky, unblest by sunshine for two weeks, seemed to be drizzling the remnants of a frozen daiquiri on everyone, including a murder suspect who escaped from the Minneapolis police earlier in the week, but the Vikes, as is their traditional wont, performed their chores impervious to the elements.

Their non-plussed behavior included one 15-second fistfight between Linebacker Carl Gersbach and Offensive Guard Ed White, a no-decision draw that drew respective cheering from members of the offense and defense. Hope still blooms at 500 now in the NFL.

"I think we're coming around real good," said Running Back Bill Brown. "It just took us a while. I guess it's better to build up toward the end of the season rather than hitting it right away and then tailing off."

END



# naturally!

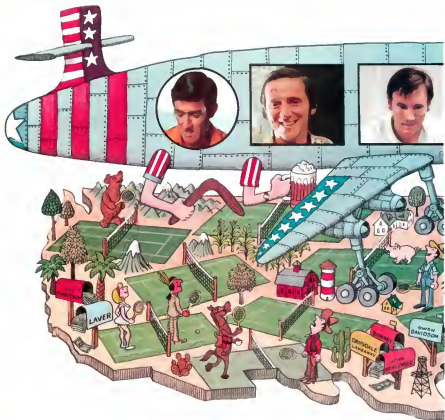
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# O'ER THE LAND OF

In a world that celebrates its athletes, pampers them and takes them seriously, much as other uneasy civilizations came to pay homage to whores and vandals, a sporting tour offers the most flagrant example of this modern indulgence. A tour is a carnival, an itinerant *Vanity Fair*, with impressionable new and different ticket buyers standing in line every week.

By contrast—and by the laws of box office—a team-sport player must suffer to perform half his games at home, where he is no more than somebody's neighbor from down the street, with a piece of a bad restaurant. And who else is left as king of the road? Troubadours and buccaneers are out of work these days, and airplane pilots, like divorcees, must return home periodically to pick





## PRO TOUR continued

word, quite appropriately, formerly applied to vaudeville), scattered and overlapping, but no great sense of order. Rarely did the best players have to play each other, and Wimbledon, for all its tradition, was important mainly because it was the place where the players and promoters came so they could make tournament bookings.

The upheaval in tennis that produced open competition in 1968 also brought forth the tour that soon evolved into Lamar Hunt's World Championship of Tennis. By this year WCT had grown into a 32-man pannel that scheduled 30 weekly tournaments a year in the U.S. and Canada and a few other places around the globe that could spring for front money. The tour exercised such a powerful influence upon traditional tennis ways and means that the international pooh-bahs finally shut WCT out of Wimbledon, and peace was only arranged by trading time for bodies. Hunt agreed to play his tour only in the first five months of the calendar year if the international federations would stop trying to prohibit good players from joining his tour.

Beginning in January, WCT will play two simultaneous, separate but equal, 32-man tours, the 64 regulars ranging in age from 19 to 43 and coming from 18 different countries on six continents. Suddenly, most of the best players in the world are obliged to be not only in constant company and competition, but always in a foreign land, always away. Moreover, many players find themselves not just strangers, but stereotypes, one-dimensional political cartoons, convenient as wrestling villains. When Cliff Drysdale of South Africa steps on an American court, for instance, everybody in the stands is sure they've got just the right slot for him. "I realize," Drysdale says, "that wherever I go, I am presumed to be a bigot until I can prove otherwise."

For these kinds of reasons, the players are often inclined to draw their wagons up in a circle. They are not just friendly rivals; they are hard rivals who must also serve each other as best friends. "Of course, you can't stay close friends with the people you're playing all the time," says Brian Fairlie of New Zealand. "It was driving me crazy. That's why I got married." Elizabeth, his bride, gets a very hurt expression on her face.

Still, if only because of the large amounts of money involved, the old killer instincts remain in force on the court. It is basic that tennis, for all its niceties, is a head-to-head game: the winner eliminates the loser. In other tour sports, the real competition is inanimate: man against ball or clock. So a tennis tour is much harder pressed from the start to retain corporate goodwill, and for the preservation of the whole there are limits the players must honor, baser instincts they must subdue.

"There is an air of displacement about the whole thing that is really quite necessary," Drysdale says. He is the brightest member of the tour, according to Arthur Ashe—which is significant not because Ashe is black, but because he is probably the only other member of the tour with an intellect to match the South African's. "You are all together in San Francisco one day and all in Cologne the next," Drysdale continues. "Time, distance, geography lose their meanings. The tour is like rerunning old movies. You walk on the court against some fellow, someone

you've been pleasantly going around the world with, and suddenly all you can remember is what this guy did to you in Philadelphia. Months ago. You play him with Philadelphia in mind, you salute the umpire, and then you walk off the court and the Philadelphia movie is forgotten until the next time you draw him.

"The tour is all about immediate communication with your neighbor. The Australians manage it best, but we all learn that we must communicate very pleasantly and even become quite close to someone without ever being more than superficial."

Of the 32 players now on tour, Nikki Pilic of Yugoslavia is the most conservative, and Jeff Borowiak of California the most radical. Borowiak wears his hair shoulder length and carries a stereo system with him, the world over. He joined the tour only last fall, but soon had some of the others into Zen. "All players in any sport are so conservative," he says. "I didn't have the same background. I've messed around with drugs and everything." Borowiak proved a welcome replacement for Torben Ulrich, the enigmatic, bearded Dane who has taken his music and his health foods and his mysteries to other parts of this vale of tears.

By contrast, Pilic plays it straight, dressed for the part, complete with an outdated polo coat, as if he were auditioning for a pre-World War II Chesterfield cigarette ad. In Yugoslavia he plays billiards. Confronted with



SuperJack Drysdale, major domo of Lamar Hunt's spanking-new Tenn.

pool tables in America, he still plays billiards. "Oh, the holes, the holes are killing me." He is painfully honest. He gave up soccer, he says, because he couldn't stand it when he played well and his team still lost. And as he once explained to Borowiak as they rode together to the courts (prefacing all important declarations with a pointed finger and a solemn, "I tell you, Jeff . . ."), the dope problem in America could be resolved forthwith by standing all addicts up before a firing squad. Overlooking the possibility that the supply of ammunition in U.S. arsenals might also become a factor, Pilic seemed pretty much inclined to offer the same definitive solution for obstreperous feminists and long-haired males (presumably including Jeff himself).

Oh yes, one of the reasons Pilic and Borowiak were riding to the courts together was that they were a regular WCT doubles combination. For several months they played together every tournament. It is rather as if William Kunstler and Richard Kleindienst were a mountain-climbing team, working the same rope up Annapurna.

Fortunately everyone on the tour speaks English. Since the Spaniard, Andrés Gimeno, left WCT, no one remains even to speak labored English. Gimeno's influence lives on only in the case of Bob Lutz (rhymes with cuts), which Gimeno pronounced Bobby Loose. Since that was so appropriate, Lutz remains Bobby Loose. Last spring there were only two Continental Europeans in the group—Pilic

and Tom Okker, a Dutchman who is part Jewish. There were also an Egyptian, three Englishmen, two South Africans and one New Zealander. Then the bloc votes: nine Americans and 14 Australians. Fourteen Australians together is far too many for the tour; for that matter, it may be too many for Perth. But before tennis peace was reached this summer, whenever any European federation would wave the flag and buy back one of its players there was always another Aussie ready to step in.

They range down from Ken Rosewall, 38 now and bearing greater resemblance all the time to Mr. Chips, to Rod Laver, Fred Stolle, Roy Emerson—the most popular player on tour—through John Newcombe and his gang, and all the way to the kids, John Alexander and Phil Dent. The Australians are individuals in many ways, yet have most things in common. No one is really sure whether they appear so temperamentally alike because they share the same nationality, or because so many of them were influenced by the same man, Harry Hopman. What Pilic says about the Aussies doesn't really seem meaningful, but somehow it may define them best: "If they all want to drink the beers, well, they drink the beers."

To the other players the Australians much resembled the vintage New York Yankees, because until just the last few months their domination was inevitable. The world balance of tennis power is now suddenly shifting—and with it new attitudes are emerging among the players. Through the years, however, everyone always expected Rod Rosewall and Ken Laver to reach the finals, and everyone was bored when they did—or felt cheated on the rare occasions when they did not. In a tournament late last year at Cologne, Lutz and Borowiak were the surprise finalists. The German fans appeared ready to sue the tour for fraud.

Poor Rosewall and Laver have gotten it from all sides. They are both, in their ways, losers, and mildly idiosyncratic. Rosewall, homesick eternally, always keeps one sweater in the nearest Quotas Airways terminal. Laver is a fussy budget who, alone of all the players, sends his tennis shorts out to be dry-cleaned. "What some people won't do for a tax write-off," Ashe chuckles. They are older and have won for so long that one comes to expect that Laver and Rosewall will soon be popping round the locker room in long sleeves and white ducks, getting ready to play Cochet and Lacoste.

On the other hand, there are occasions when the players are loath to give Laver and Rosewall their due. "If it has to be an Aussie," one says, "at least couldn't it be Newcombe?" And then, particularly late at night after a few beers have been drawn, someone will invoke the memory of Lew Hoad, and Laver and Rosewall will all but be left as impostors. Hoad was Rosewall's contemporary, a back-to-back Wimbledon champion before injuries did him in. More important, he was a rough blond strongman, raucous and full of fun—all the things that Rosewall and Laver (and most people) are not. Hoad lives in Spain now, popping up at Wimbledon just regularly enough to stoke the folklore, repeated after a few more beers have been drawn, that God put Lew Hoad on earth to be the Arnold Palmer of tennis.

Ironically, although many of the Aussies come off

*continued*



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## PRO TOUR

blanched and uniformly dull in public, they are, personally, among the most engaging characters in sports. No two more delightful personalities ever existed than Emerson and Stolle in the years they controlled the Davis Cup, but they never came across any better than Rosewall and Laver. Part of this, surely, has been the suppressive, disagreeable Hopman influence. Another problem is that the Aussies stick pretty much to themselves when they are drinking the beers.

"The Americans stick together, too, especially when they're not in their country," Stolle says. "You know, they have the same bloody habits. But the difference is, Australians look after each other. It's not the same with the Americans. With us, you lost a tight one, another one of us will be there to say, don't worry if you want I'll drink a few beers with you tonight and help you relax."

This spirit is especially important to the Aussies, who rarely get home. Americans can jet back to see their wives easily enough, or even bring them along for a week or two. So, without too much difficulty, can The Others. Roger Taylor of England recently had his wife with him when she was into her seventh month. So the Aussies stay together, the Americans stay together, and The Others, if perhaps only by process of elimination, stay together. In this respect, the tour much resembles any U.S. pro team, where whites and blacks split in separate directions. The only close and lasting friendship that crosses these lines is the one between Marty Riessen of Chicago and Okker, his Dutch doubles partner.

The Australian camaraderie is unique and most manifest in the elementary matters of names. The Aussies tag each other with diminutives and nicknames in much the same way as American preadolescents do. The American players are almost all called exactly what it says on their driver's licenses: Arthur and Cliff and Jeff and so on. And among The Others, only Ismail El Shafie, who is "Easy," regularly goes by his nickname. But virtually every one of the Aussies has an affectionate alias.

Emerson is always Emme, never Roy. Newcombe is only Newc. And there are Philby, J.A., Hesh and Dave-O. And the descriptive titles: Muscles and Rocket, Bryn, Bones and Nails. The Aussies are so close, together so much, that it

takes very little time for a new name to stick. Bill Bowrey fell off a horse once a couple of years ago, somebody laughed and called him "Tex," and Tex it is to this day.

But the production of assembly-line Aussies, like Packards and Studebakers, has now halted. Not only has professionalism changed the nature of tennis, but the focus is well. While it remains perhaps the most international of sports, tennis has been increasingly Americanized. Already, the Davis Cup is a quaint diversion, like a week in the country. It takes no great foresight to envision Wimbledon becoming a kind of symbolic headquarters for U.S. tennis, as Delaware is for corporations.

Tennis is not so much shifting to the U.S. as tilting this way. J.B. Priestley once wrote: "I do not know where we are headed, but I'm sure the Americans will be there first." Priestley may have overlooked the fact that Albert Einstein did not hail from Butte, Mont., and Werner von Braun has not always called Huntsville, Ala. home. These facts have not escaped the tennis pros, though, notably the Australians. "Ahh, the time is running out for us," says Newcombe. "Another five years and America will completely dominate tennis. But we'll keep a hand in," he adds, winking. "By then, all the Americans will be coached by the Australians."

It is already apparent that having a tennis pro who speaks with a broad "a" and chases down wallabies with a boomerang appeals to the same instincts, snob-wise, as having a British secretary speak well-modulated tones into the telephone. Club members can talk about having a genuine British Commonwealth tennis pro in much the same way as they used to boast possession of a Welsh corgi or a French chef.

As for the pros, taking a job in America has two distinct advantages: the money and the things money can buy. Leading the foreign parade to America was none other than old "arry" opman "itself, who is now alive and paying taxes on Long Island. Laver and Emerson are residents of Southern California, long enough for Emerson's children to start losing their accents and say things like, "That's cool, Dad." Former New Zealand No. 1 Lew Gerrard is a pro in Columbia, Md.; Newcombe has a ten-

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nis ranch outside San Antonio. "Tex" Bowrey has left the tour to take on club duties in Austin, and Owen Davidson is in Houston. Even the girls are in the act. Margaret Smith Court and her family have settled in Boone, N.C. at a new resort club. Drysdale may be the biggest status symbol of them all, since he was selected by WCT itself to represent the Hunt organization's own planned tennis community, Lakeway, outside of Austin.

It is a fair match for both Lakeway and Drysdale; he is the most stylish and articulate of the pros, handsome, jaunty and leggy lean. On court, he wears sexy little belted short shorts. The players call Drysdale Jack or SuperJack, which is derived from the supremely confident self-contained hero of *I'm All Right, Jack*. Drysdale used to leave the locker room saying "Till tomorrow, boys," and he still says "lovely" instead of "O.K." or "you bet." He possesses the sort of suavity that permits him, for example, while sitting in a loud public place between a bourbon-soiling American cynic and a beer-guzzling Australian comedian, to reach across the table, take his wife's hand tenderly in his, look deep into her eyes and then at last say, "Ahh, my love, I do love you so." And pull it off.

You try that at the Elks Club some night.

When Drysdale first came onto the world tennis scene there was a tendency for the other players to reject him as too smooth and distant, an appraisal influenced by elements of jealousy because of his good looks and an earned reputation as a powerful ladies' man. In 1967, at Wimbledon, he married Jean Forbes, the tennis equivalent of the girl next door—she was a top South African player, as was her brother—and after he turned pro a few months later, he became a more familiar one-of-the-boys on tour. By now, Drysdale is one of the most popular and respected players in the game, and in recognition of this fact he was elected in September as the first president of the Association of Tennis Professionals, a new PGA-type players' guild, which has the potential to be a major force in the sport.

On the court Drysdale has come close to winning every major tournament, but he has failed each chance and remains just off the highest world rank. Still, he

made \$70,000 in official prize money last year, and his total tennis income approaches \$100,000. Now, since January, he is, as well, the squire of Lakeway, living just off the fairway, near the man-made lake, in a beautiful new house with his family: wife, small daughter and son and mother-in-law. He is 31. A decade ago, when he first came to the U.S., he willingly paid his own way just for the chance to pick up a tennis scholarship at Lamar Tech in Beaumont, Texas. He was earning \$2.50 a day from his national team. "It was Utopia just to have a chance to go to school in the United States," he says. "The tennis really didn't matter. There was no substantial future in tennis then."

Obviously, Drysdale is not typical, any more so than Lakeway is, but both are representative of what tennis has come to in the past decade. The ritzy tennis resort with its own airstrip is the end product of the same forces that have spun Drysdale from a \$2.50-a-day national hero with a spectacular two-hand backhand and a frightful serve into a \$100,000-a-year expatriate professional with a spectacular two-hand backhand and a frightful serve. Beyond that, Drysdale is more focused, if only because the unpatriotic policies of his homeland place so much of a spotlight upon him wherever he is in the world.

Nevertheless, although most Americans assume that he is a racist and he is constantly being asked to explain his position in the matter, he has never been actively heckled in the U.S. or received so much as a single piece of hate mail here. "People nowadays don't seem inclined to hold one personally responsible for the actions of his state," he says, agreeing that in America, where so many citizens have disputed the Federal Vietnam policy, it is especially difficult to visit the sins of the country upon a countryman. In the case of Drysdale, it would be pointless, as well. Unlike the more famous South African athlete, Gary Player, whom Drysdale describes evenly as "a passionate South African," Drysdale is an avowed opponent of all his nation's apartheid policies. He belongs to the visionary Progressive Party, whose expressed support of racial equality and tolerance has succeeded in keeping it out of 219 of the 220 seats in the national parliament.

Drysdale constantly has to explain

himself, and last year appeared at an NAACP press conference in Boston after protest demonstrations had been initiated against the three South Africans then playing for WCT. The wind died down somewhat when Drysdale coolly expressed personal views that were similar to Thurgood Marshall's. In an ironic way, Drysdale feels a special kinship with the sort of people who felt obliged to confront him in Boston. "I have come to understand the militancy of the blacks," he says, "because their preoccupation with the issue of race is forced upon them, just as it always is with me."

On a personal level, he and Ashe are so often required to discuss each other that each should be getting 100 bucks an hour for psychoanalysis fees. They are an odd-couple cliché by now, especially since race really doesn't have anything to do with their relationship except when other people start asking them about it. They are friendly, respectful and temperamentally different. For all race counts with Drysdale and Ashe, they might just as well have been born in the same litter in Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Success has been dumped on WCT players so quickly that many of them have not learned to adjust to their new station. Some simply cannot say no. Okker, for example, finished a tournament in Brussels one Sunday last year, played a big-money match in New York on Tuesday and another one in Los Angeles on Thursday. Then he flew to Amsterdam for a weekend tournament, and back to St. Louis to start a WCT tournament Tuesday. El Shaefer played successive tournaments in order, without time off, in Sydney, Cairo and Chicago.

As an incentive for this frantic schedule, besides the prize money, there are the endorsements. Suddenly every company in the world except Dutch Cleanser makes tennis rackets and clothes. Since there are more products than players, a star will endorse—and promise to use—a wooden racket on the Continent, an aluminum racket in Australia and a new throwaway styrofoam racket in America. Then he will alternate the three, and wonder why his game has gone all to hell. Also, his feet are killing him with the new bamboo shoes, and if he wins the doubles, how can he ever get to Barbados in time to make

*Continued*



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## PRO TOUR

his guaranteed appearance at the new Moon Lagoon Club, which he has 2' 1" off?

Some of the players have had a problem adapting. "All the money we've come into," Drysdale says, "but we're still very cheap." He and his contemporaries are a transitional generation. They grew up as alleged amateurs. Essentially, they were kept men, athletic gigolos, paid for their talents in large part in cut-rate services and amenities: a free place to stay, somebody's starry-eyed teen-aged daughter to chauffeur them about, the chance to actually sign for club sandwiches in the members' lounge. As a group, they were like the pretentious chorus girl that Gypsy Rose Lee once described. "She is descended from a long line that her mother listened to."

On tour, Lamar Hunt picks up transportation costs for the players, but they must pop for their own room and board. As a consequence, a lot of them, grown men making 50 grand a year, hustle for free guest rooms just like in the old tennis-hum days. Then, weeks later, they will still be hunching about how such-and-such was a rotten tournament because they were quartered so far from the arena. Players have called up WCT headquarters in Dallas collect from Europe to find out where they can get a cut-rate racket-stringing job in, say, Germany. Generally, they still view themselves as gentlemen players and not as contract entertainers.

At the River Oaks Club Tournament in Houston in April, nine of the players were lounging around a game room (pool, Ping-Pong, TV) that had been given over to them for the duration of the play. Bill Holmes, the WCT road manager, came in to tell the players officially what most of them had learned already, that they would not be permitted in the main part of the clubhouse or on the golf course.

The players were livid at this slight, especially after some of them figured out what a coincidence it was that this year was the first time River Oaks had ever instituted these restrictions, while it also just happened to be the first time Ashe had ever played there. "Will they even let Arthur in the door?" Nails Carmichael inquired facetiously.

"Why are you defending this policy, Bill?" El Shafie demanded of Holmes.

*continued*

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## haverhills

## PRO TOUR

"Scandalous," sputtered Drysdale, and there were more representative oaths.

"Well, you tell them, Bill," Pile said, rapping a pool cue, "that if we can't eat in their clubhouse, we won't be there Tuesday night for their Calcutta either." The others concurred with angry, disgusted murmurs, the kind that sweep through Hollywood lynch mobs.

Five minutes later a member of the club walked into the room and inquired if perhaps two of the players might like to join him and another member in a golfing foursome. There was such an excited hustle to get to the member's side that at last he agreed to take six of the WCT men and make up two foursomes.

The foreign players are towed by ambivalent feelings about the affluent America they see. As a rule, they endorse the American way of life—hamburgers excepted—more enthusiastically than Americans, although there are sharp geographical biases. The players much prefer the South and smaller cities to the North and larger ones. If there is any player who can even tolerate New York City, he is keeping his counsel.

"You soon find out," says Roy Birth of San Diego, "that the foreign players have an easy tendency to generalize only critically about America. Not long ago I stayed at a house along with a couple of foreign players. Our hosts were the most wonderful people you would ever want to meet. We all loved them. When we left, we stopped for gas. The attendant was slow and rude. Immediately, the foreigners started complaining about how this gas-station guy was a typical American, about how all Americans were rude. In the week we stayed with those wonderful hosts, nobody once suggested that they were typical Americans."

Unquestionably, the foreign players are put off by American pushiness, but the longer they stay in this country the more they seem able to accept it as merely an inconvenience—in the same way that a surfer of planes, hotels, meat, money, interstate highways and appliances are everyday American conveniences. "Nikki never stops talking about Europe until he gets there and he can't get eggs for breakfast," Drysdale says.

In Philadelphia this past February, Drysdale, Pile and Frank Froehing of

continued



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## PRO TOUR

Fort Lauderdale suffered perhaps the classic example of typical American cheek. When Froehling left the practice court, where he had been hitting with the other two, he was immediately set upon by a brassy country-club shrew. "Which one are you?" she demanded to know, jabbing a finger. When Froehling revealed his identity, the tennant let him know that he was one lucky guy, and could join himself and two of her friends for their regular Sunday-morning doubles game that week.

Froehling replied, with a straight face, that whereas he would be delighted to drop everything and play with these strange women Sunday morning, he had, alas, a prior engagement. "I'll tell you what, though," he said. "I'm sure Rod Laver would love to fill in for me." And he even carefully explained how she could reach Laver.

The ugly American smiled broadly at Froehling. "Of course, we'll buy him his lunch," she said, assuring him that she knew the going price for any old foreigner.

If this kind of mannerless behavior soon becomes no more than an occupational hazard for the players, American parochialism elicits more serious, disturbing responses. What dismays the foreigners is that the people in the most powerful country in the world arrive at glibly confident decisions about the rest of the world with only half-baked facts. Roger Taylor pleases Borowak by saying that younger Americans seem much more inclined to be fair and seek out more facts, but the overall tendency of Americans to jump to conclusions dismays the foreigners. "I find it astonishing that so many well-educated Americans just naturally presume that I and all Arabs are anti-Semitic," El Shufi says. "When even the most cursory study of our position would show that our dispute is a political one, concerning the state of Palestine. It is not a matter of right and wrong that concerns me with Americans who are opposed to my country. It is a matter of Americans knowing only one side, but then being so sure that they are right." Back in the days before Presidents were trading mask oxen for pandas, a lot of Americans took a wide berth around the Communist, Phil: "Americans used to think that a Communist was someone who ate his children for

continued

  
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## PRO TOUR

dinner," Nikki says. He gets much better treatment now that Communists have been decreed as fashionable by the Federal Government.

Most unforgivable to the players is the appalling American command of world geography. "We can understand why you don't speak other languages," Pile said, "but not even to care where other people are and how they live." Says Brian Fairlie: "Even on your quiz shows, *Joyrady* and the like—do you notice, all the questions are about the United States?" El Shafer is seldom recognized as an Arab, apparently because he is Egyptian, and most Americans do not realize where Arabs get their mail except for Saudi Arabia, which is obviously chock-full of Arabs. "I or Americans," El Shafer says, "Egypt is just pyramids and camels."

Of course, to a lot of foreigners who have never been to America the U.S. is just skyscrapers, cowboys and Indians, and many players arrive here for the first time convinced that Chicago, like Forest Hills, is a subway ride from Manhattan. What seems to set American ignorance off from the usual global brand is that once Americans are set in their opinions, however misguided, they can seldom be swayed even by things such as light or truth. "I am amazed," Drysdale says, "that so many Americans offer the most hardened opinions about my country, and then at some point actually inquire, 'And what country in South Africa do you come from?'"

"Y'hurry back now and come see us again real soon, y'hear?" Drysdale said one night at, of course, a House of Pancakes. It was a good imitation, but sadly forboding. The trouble is that a year from now he really will be saying "you bet" instead of "lovely," and wearing Hush Puppies and eating everything barbequed. It's already even-money that his beautiful little brown-eyed daughter will grow up to be a baton twirler, and soon, too, everybody on the tour will have a homesite just outside Orlando, Fla. By 1980 the oddsmen will talk wistfully about the romantic Italian years when Laver and Rensel all played regular classic confrontations, and men with funny-sounding names and voices from the four corners of the globe, storybook characters all, trekked the world on a kaleidoscopic caravan.

END



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## *A Frenchman Nearly Stopped the Germans*

It was the war all over again in 1952 when the Germans came back to Le Mans after nearly 20 years, driving their big powerful cars and plotting another humiliating French defeat

by DAVID LAMPE

If ever they write a grand opera about auto racing, it is sure to focus on Pierre Levegh's ride at Le Mans in 1952. That was the year that Mercedes-Benz returned to the French circuit after an absence of nearly 20 years, and a very intimidating return it was.

Months earlier in the Mille Miglia the Germans' metallic silver 300SL coupes had shown themselves to be Grand Prix cars in disguise. Their drivers and mechanics, all in black leather coats, clicked their heels and nodded stiffly from the waist whenever that beer barrel in a black fedora, their team manager, muttered an order.

It was not a state of affairs to gladden the heart of the French racing fan; about the only thing that bucked him at all in that sorry time was the sight of a 46-year-old Paris garage owner named Pierre Levegh efficiently tooling around the 8.36-mile circuit in practice runs in his big blue 4.5-liter Talbot-Lago roadster. A streamlined version of the Talbot in which he had placed fourth the previous year, Levegh's was the only car that the French were sure could beat the Germans. This car and no other. Not Briggs Cunningham's blue and white American monster. Not the Britons' somber green Jaguars or their Aston Martins. Not even the assortment of scarlet Ferraris from Italy. Only Levegh's.

The French fans didn't know that the Talbot-Lago's engine had only a standard production crankshaft because the one that Albert Lago had designed especially for this race hadn't been ready in time. But Pierre Levegh knew it. Could the production crankshaft stand up to 24 hours of speed? Certainly in the practices, when the roadway was closed to normal traffic, his Talbot behaved, but

Pierre knew only one sure way to find out.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 14, the drivers stepped into the small white circles painted on the roadway opposite their cars. Pierre Levegh nervously jugged in place as he groped in his jacket pocket to make sure that he had not forgotten to bring along his lucky silver amulet. Then he cupped his hands together, embarrassed to let the crowds see that, just as before every race, his fingers were crossed.

The flag dropped, and Pierre sprinted toward his Talbot. Nobody was surprised when he wasted a precious second, three times patting his car's hood. He always did this before the start of a race. He patted the car for luck. Then he was behind the wheel. The engine crackled into life. Pierre steered to the right, then straightened out. He sped under the Dunlop Bridge, an arch formed by a giant replica of a car tire.

Now he was maneuvering through the Esses. Now his tires squealed around the Tertre Rouge Corner. His face was still clean. Wisps of air blew in around his goggles to tickle his eyelashes. He felt terrific.

Pierre sluiced into the Mulsanne Straight, 4¼ miles of the Le Mans-Tours highway, and past the old *Lufwaffe* strip next to it. Now he shot past the horse-race track where the Wright Brothers made their first European flight, past the Café Hippodrome's brightly colored parasols. As he drove past them along the straight, Pierre could see the customers put down their iced aperitifs to cheer him along.

Around the Mulsanne Corner, tires pleading, Pierre braked, shifted down, accelerated.

Another two straight miles and then

into the Arnage Corner. Careful, Pierre. . . . Quick left. Quick right. Toe hard down again.

Another two miles and the White House Corner. A squiggle in the road, and he was passing the grandstands, hearing cheers above the roar of his engine.

Numerals held out from his pit told Pierre in code that he'd done that first lap in under 100 miles an hour. As planned.

He couldn't keep from grinning. What had he been worried about? Standard model crankshaft, maybe. But surely strong enough for a victory. For Talbot-Lago. For France. And for Pierre.

Especially for Pierre. A racing pro who'd first competed at Le Mans in 1938, Pierre's life goal was to match the triumphs of his uncle, Albert Veighe, a pioneer driver who'd died six years before Pierre himself was born. He wanted so much to drive in the old boy's tracks that he'd even adopted the older man's racing pseudonym, Levegh. Pierre's birth certificate stated that his own surname was actually Bouillon.

Pierre slipped the Talbot-Lago round and round the circuit, as easily and as precisely as a windup toy. He wasn't yet in first position, but no matter. His race had been planned to save his car, and he was driving to plan. Just fast enough to urge his competitors to go faster and burn out their engines. Not fast enough to hurt his.

The Jaguars and two of the Aston Martins limped out of the race within the first two hours, and several of the other faster cars began to break down. By 8 in the evening, four hours after the start, Pierre had completed 48 laps. One less than the leading car, a snarling little French Gordini. Neck and neck

with the three Mercedes-Benz coupes. Dark now. Everything fine. At the next pit stop, still hours ahead, Pierre would hand his Talbot-Lago over to Marchand, his relief driver.

Before the changeover, an hour before midnight, Pierre noticed a sudden pained sound in his engine. Not an explosion exactly. Not anything loud enough to alert the trackside spectators or his competition. Or even his own mechanics as he streaked past them in the darkness. But a noise that nevertheless gave Pierre a sick feeling. Seventeen hours still to go and, beyond any doubt, crankshaft-bearing trouble.

He lifted his toe lightly from the accelerator and listened. Then he shook his head and swore. He didn't know—and knowing wouldn't have helped—that one of the bolts on the center crankshaft journal had just snapped and had dropped into the oil pan. He toed harder on the accelerator and felt the engine vibrate. Bad, and likely to get a lot worse. Under Le Mans rules repairs can only be effected with parts carried in the cars, and the Talbot-Lago carried no kit of engine parts. Anyway, there was no time for a major overhaul.

By midnight Pierre had completed 95 laps, one less than the leading Gordons. But—and this was good—one more than the two fastest Mercedes-Benzes. Time for the fuel stop, so he pulled into his pit.

While gas ran into the tank and the two mechanics fussed around the car, Pierre remained in the cockpit, saying very little. Marchand waited. Helmeted, goggles in place, pulling on his gloves. But when the gas tank was capped, Pierre waved him aside and said, "I'm going on!" Marchand opened his mouth to argue, but Pierre had already thundered away into the night.

The engine in the Talbot-Lago sounded terrible, yet Pierre was reasonably confident that he could nurse it along. He'd have to. Letting Marchand change places with him would first mean wasting precious time explaining. Then, inevitably, the Mercedes team would hear that he was in trouble. If the Germans even suspected anything was wrong, they'd up their speed. And make him tear his engine apart. The only thing for Pierre to do was to keep on. Alone.

Hours passed. The smaller cars were dropping away now. The Gordons' brakes gave out and it retired, putting

Pierre in the lead. This was the position he went on holding. Cautiously.

In the early hours of the morning he stopped again for gas. And again waved Marchand aside. French fans half-asleep in the grandstand jerked awake. So did the reporters high in the press box. What kind of crazy game was Pierre Levegh playing? Perhaps that crazy, rich American, Cunningham, was driving his car all the way alone. The people to emulate were the Germans. All along the course, the fans tried to will Pierre not to blow the race.

At 4 in the morning, halfway, Pierre had done 142 laps, four more than the fastest Mercedes-Benz. Mist always hung over the Le Mans circuit before dawn, but that morning it was pea-soup fog, and Pierre thanked God. The fog forced all the drivers to cut their speed.

Dawn, and the fog lifted. People around the track rolled up their sleeping bags and watched hieary-eyed for the big blue roadster with No. 8 on it. Pierre Levegh's big car being driven solo toward victory. Incredible. Wonderful. For all its efficiency, Germany's greatest factory team couldn't keep up with an individual Frenchman at the wheel of his own car.

Eight in the morning. Time for a pit stop. During the pause, Pierre's mechanics noticed the dead tachometer and began to ask about it, but he gestured to them to shut up. Again Marchand waited to take over, but Pierre stubbornly clenched the steering wheel and ordered Marchand back onto the apron. The co-driver shrugged and obeyed. After all, the car was Pierre's. The fans, of course, couldn't understand. As the Talbot roared back onto the track they wondered why Pierre Levegh, driving now for France, refused poor Marchand even a sliver of glory. No one at Le Mans had ever before driven 24 hours singlehanded.

Pierre was really tired now. Anyone could see that. At the corners his wheels spun in the sand at the edge of the mudadam. But he kept on the road. And in the lead. By noon he'd done 235 laps. One German car was four laps behind him, the other, 10.

Passing the pits, Pierre saw a new signal. The Germans, the nationals told him, were putting on speed. He'd have to spurt ahead, too. The engine's vibration rose, and the knowledge of what he was doing made him ache with anguish. On

continued



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## Le Mans *continues*

the next lap his pit signaled that the Germans had reduced throttle, and so he lifted his foot. The vibration eased.

The fastest German car was now in trouble and fell back, yielding to the one that had been in third place. It was going to be Levegh first, followed by the two Mercedes-Benzes far behind. In the press box they were already phoning the story of the first singlehanded victory in Le Mans history. Only 75 minutes to go.

Pierre was now three laps ahead of the closest Mercedes, but having rounded the White House Corner he switched off the ignition and pulled into the pits. He jerked back the hand brake and slowly raised himself out of the car. Then he tore off his helmet and goggles and slumped wearily into his wife's arms. His shoulders were heaving, and spectators on the walk above the pit could see tears on his face. The crankshaft had at last split.

Silence hung over the grandstands. And at 4 o'clock, when old Charles Faroux flagged the two Mercedes-Benzes past the finish line, hardly a soul cheered. The Germans deserved their victory, but the brass band refused to play "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles," and somebody found an excuse for calling off the usual victory parade around the Place de la République in Le Mans. But Pierre was scorned. Because he refused to speak out against his car, the French fans blamed him for his failure. If only he'd let Marchand take over. . . .

The official accounts do not explain that the car couldn't have lasted as long as it did if Pierre hadn't insisted on going it alone. Of all those present at Le Mans that day, only the Germans seem to have sensed that Levegh had not been at fault. When the Mercedes-Benzes returned to Le Mans three years later, one of the drivers was Pierre Levegh.

Pierre's was the Mercedes-Benz 300SLR approaching the grandstands when an Austin-Healey got in the way. Pierre braked and raised an arm to warn teammate Juan Fangio, coming up behind, but his own car hit the retaining wall. Its front end disintegrated and burstled into the crowd, killing 82 people. But the race wasn't stopped. Not when Pierre's charred corpse was carried from the track. Not even when, hours later, a telegram from Stuttgart withdrew the Mercedes teams, at the time comfortably leading the race.

END

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 7-13

**PRO BASKETBALL** NBA. The Philadelphia 76ers, who lost one of the three last to the Bulls, lost to a 4-point margin of 115-104 in their last of the season. But then the 76ers cruised to a 101-90 win over the Boston Celtics in their last of the season. The Celtics' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The 76ers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The 76ers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The 76ers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**ABA** Billy Armstrong's seven high 40 points led the Congress to a 111-101 win over the Kentucky Colonels in their last of the season. The Colonels' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Colonels' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Colonels' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**BASEBALL** In his sixth start, Casey CARROLL (10-11) pitched a complete game for the New York Yankees, leading them to a 1-0 win over the Boston Red Sox in their last of the season. The Yankees' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Yankees' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**PRO FOOTBALL** AFC. MIAMI. In their last of the season, the Miami Dolphins defeated the New York Jets 24-10 in their last of the season. The Dolphins' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Dolphins' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**MLB** The Los Angeles Dodgers won their last of the season, defeating the San Francisco Giants 4-1 in their last of the season. The Dodgers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Dodgers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**GOLF**—PGA TOUR. In their last of the season, the American Express team defeated the Sunbeam team 1-0 in their last of the season. The American Express team's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The American Express team's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**HAWAIIAN RACING** In the final race, both horses, Kono and Kono, finished in a tie, with Kono winning by a narrow margin. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**MELEE** MAJORITY 153-40. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**HOCKEY** NHL. In their last of the season, the New York Rangers defeated the Philadelphia Flyers 4-1 in their last of the season. The Rangers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Rangers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

# FACES IN THE CROWD



**FORREST PERKINS**, football coach at Worcester State, is shown in a photograph at Whitworth. Perkins led his 1980 team to the state championship for the second time. Five other victories were achieved in his career. Perkins' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. Perkins' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.



**KEITH CARDOW**, a former tackle at Stanford, is shown in a photograph at Stanford. Cardow was a member of the 1980 team that won the national championship. Cardow's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. Cardow's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.



**PAUL MURPHY**, a former tackle at Stanford, is shown in a photograph at Stanford. Murphy was a member of the 1980 team that won the national championship. Murphy's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. Murphy's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.



**JIM REINHART**, of Lincoln, is shown in a photograph at Lincoln. Reinhart was a member of the 1980 team that won the national championship. Reinhart's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. Reinhart's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.



**CLIFF TINKLE**, of Johnston, Pa., is shown in a photograph at Johnston. Tinkle was a member of the 1980 team that won the national championship. Tinkle's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. Tinkle's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.



**WALTER UDOLM**, of Alhambra, Calif., is shown in a photograph at Alhambra. Udholm was a member of the 1980 team that won the national championship. Udholm's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. Udholm's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

NHL. Southern California's Los Angeles Kings, who lost one of the three last to the Bulls, lost to a 4-point margin of 115-104 in their last of the season. But then the Kings cruised to a 101-90 win over the Boston Celtics in their last of the season. The Celtics' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Kings' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

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**MELEE** MAJORITY 153-40. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**GOLF**—PGA TOUR. In their last of the season, the American Express team defeated the Sunbeam team 1-0 in their last of the season. The American Express team's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The American Express team's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**HAWAIIAN RACING** In the final race, both horses, Kono and Kono, finished in a tie, with Kono winning by a narrow margin. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**MELEE** MAJORITY 153-40. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Hawaiian Racing Association's record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

**HOCKEY** NHL. In their last of the season, the New York Rangers defeated the Philadelphia Flyers 4-1 in their last of the season. The Rangers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division. The Rangers' record is 1-10 in the Eastern Division.

## CREDITS

28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

### WASHINGTON VS. NEW YORK

Sirs:

Roy Blount's superfluous adulation of the Redskins (*The Good Houser Men*, Nov. 6) was positively vulgar! After reading his article, one might judge that the Giants were a team of blundering buffoons who are occasionally stirred from their inertia by a quarterback who flunked a Dale Carnegie correspondence course. Maybe Norm Macdonald hasn't got the brashness of Joe Namath or the choreography of his precursor, Fran Tarkenton, or the publicity of Sonny Jurgensen, but they don't have a 65 9/16" pass completion average, do they?

Blount's reference to Macdonald being a "re-cycled quarterback" is quite a twist, don't you think, or hasn't Roy noticed the string of retreats in the Washington camp? The lone exception is Larry Brown. Indeed, the only praiseworthy note in Blount's *Over-the-Hill-Gang* concerto was the account of Brown's undisputed talents. The anecdotes about Coach Allen's passion for ice cream and his Mary Poppins attitude toward his team should have been submitted to the *Ladies' Home Journal* trivia column. As for the way he wrote off that controversial Chris Hamburger steal, it seems to me the final score of 23-16 only proves it was significant. Washington was not victorious over New York in the true meaning of the word.

Nothing personal, Mr. Blount, but the next time you dote on the Redskins I hope you trip over a Popsicle stick.

MARY LOUI DRAIS

Spotswood, N.J.

Sirs:

Larry Brown really tells it like it is in regard to New York. Unfortunately, the Redskins have been forced to spend two consecutive weekends in Fun City. That's worse than being eviled for a year to Cleveland.

STEPHEN GARDNER

Cleveland

### PHILADELPHIA BRAND

Sirs:

Philadelphia sports teams (*Bliss Blazers in Philadelphia*, Nov. 6)? What a joke. Except for one, the Flyers. Being a Flyers' season-ticket holder, I have seen on numerous occasions the enormous ability of Bobby Clarke. One of Bobby's greatest assets is his intense and never-ending hustle. After being subjected to the Blazers' opening-home-game loss to Cleveland, I realized that our WHA team was just a glorified minor league club, except for Andre Lucero and a few others. Long before Derek Sanderson hurt his shoulder, he displayed nothing but

clapnet, uninspired hockey. In fact, he couldn't even carry Clarke's skates.

ALAN FLETCHER

Jenkintown, Pa.

Sirs:

Your comments on the hockey situation in general were great. The Derek Sandersons of this world are not all they are cracked up to be. Sanderson isn't worth \$1 million unless he has some fine \$30,000 players to back him up. I would rather watch the Fort Worth Wings than Sanderson & Co. any day. The Wings hustle and give the fans their money's worth.

LIZ MC GILL

Fort Worth

### NO GUY?

Sirs:

Re the article (*Martha Colorado Was Because It Was Boulder*, Oct. 30) about Colorado's suckers over Oklahoma, how wait a minute! I've been called a lot of things before, but never a guy! Roy Blount described



me as "some guy running around on the sidelines dressed as a buffalo head." Although I know my femaleness wasn't exactly evident, I ask: Do those legs look like a guy's legs?

GINNIE PERRY

Boulder, Colo.

### RAPTURE ACTION

Sirs:

We in Duluth were quite pleased to see Bill Gilbert's nature article (*Up in Raptures About Some Raptors*, Oct. 23). In fact we

continued



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### 10TH HOLE *continued*

invite him to visit our Hawk Ridge Nature Reserve next fall when the west winds are blowing.

The high count for Hawk Mountain, Pa. was a mere 29,765 Raptures in the fall of 1968. Duluth's Well, in 1970, without even trying, we tallied 69,214 passing Raptures. To date in this exceptional fall we have counted over 4,000 goshawks, far more than the 60 or so "gos" that appear yearly over Hawk Mountain.

We too have our habits to brace themselves against the blustery fall winds—a housewife who cleans the kitchen to count hawks when the migration is flowing, the real-estate executive stopping to help his spouse count. And always there is a thread of tension.

So, Bill Gilbert, if you want to be where the Rapture action is, come to Duluth in September and October.

HENRY B. ROBERTS  
Chairman

Hawk Ridge Nature Reserve  
Duluth Audubon Society  
Duluth, Minn.

### UPSET

SIRs

Having been a Missouri Tiger football fan for the past 12 years I feel compelled to write and try to set the record straight. In your Oct. 30 FOOTBALL'S WORK column on games played Oct. 21, the Missouri-Notre Dame game was almost totally ignored. What did appear was a series of excuses for the Irish.

Notre Dame had four first-string men missing from the lineup that day, a fact trumpeted by the local papers and by SI. What was totally ignored was the fact that Missouri was missing three starters itself. Fullback Ray Bybee did not make the trip to South Bend, and Halfback Chuck Link and Defensive End Steve Schreiber did not play either.

Missouri almost totally controlled the game for the first 3½ quarters. The Tigers marched 46, 67 and 92 yards for touchdowns. They held the ball for 16 minutes more than Notre Dame, and they did all this against a team that was second in the nation in total defense. Add this to the fact that Notre Dame is a deeper team and was playing at home and there is no doubt it was an upset of tremendous proportions.

EDGAR C. GRIFF III

Indianapolis

### MORE NOMINATIONS

SIRs

Regarding your selection of the 1972 Sportsman of the Year, I feel the award should be given posthumously to Jackie Robinson. His courage will always be remembered, not only in the annals of American sport but also in American history.

The United States is far better off because he lived.

DAVID SIMON

Bethesda, Md.

SIRs

Mervyn (Vanny) Giles III, the U.S. amateur golf champion. He is a true sportsman in every sense of the word.

ROBERT ZORGA

Los Angeles

SIRs

Gene Tenace. His four home runs and nine RBIs helped Oakland win the World Series.

PAUL BAKER

St. Paul

SIRs

Larry Brown of the Washington Redskins.

PHIL STELLINS

Kensington, Md.

SIRs

Muhammad Ali. His constant fighting around the country and throughout the world has kept boxing alive.

BILL RAJANAKY

Lower Merion, Pa.

SIRs

Phil Esposito. Not only did he win the NHL scoring title and help the Bruins win the Stanley Cup, but he was also our main force in beating the Russians.

BILL RUDOLPHSON

Ottawa

SIRs

Tennis is currently in a boom all across the country, and nothing helps a boom in a sport more than a kid superstar who has put it all together. Therefore, Chris Evert is my nomination for Sportsman of the Year.

KHAM LUNHAM

Arlene, Texas

SIRs

Dick Allen. For leading the Chicago White Sox from a below-average team in 1971 to within a few games of the Western Division leader this year, and also for getting up with Philadelphia fans for seven years.

ED DI BONO

Claymont, Del.

SIRs

Jim Ryan, who gave it everything he had only to be beaten by fate.

BILL C. VORLIK

Parkton, Md.

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